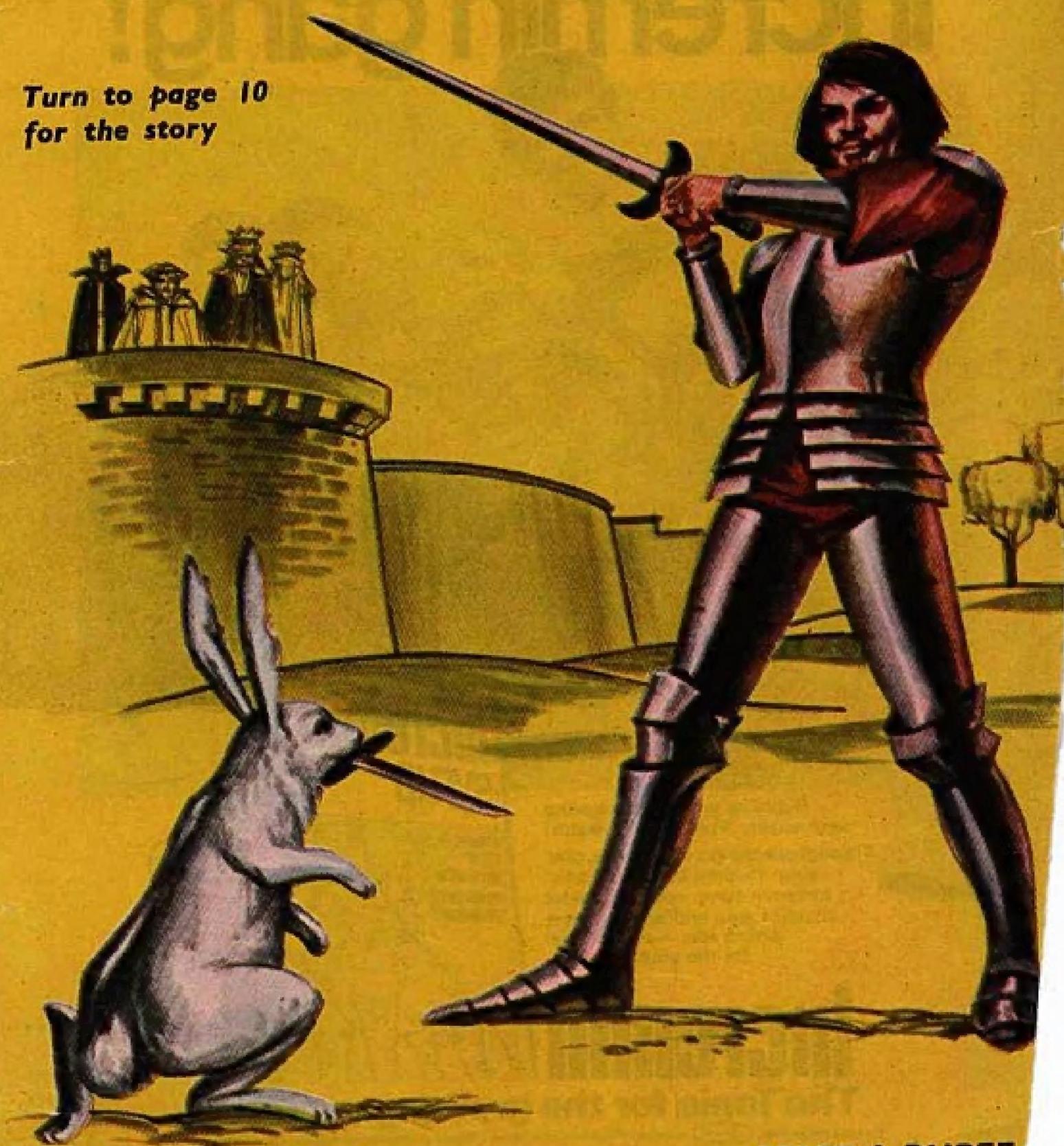


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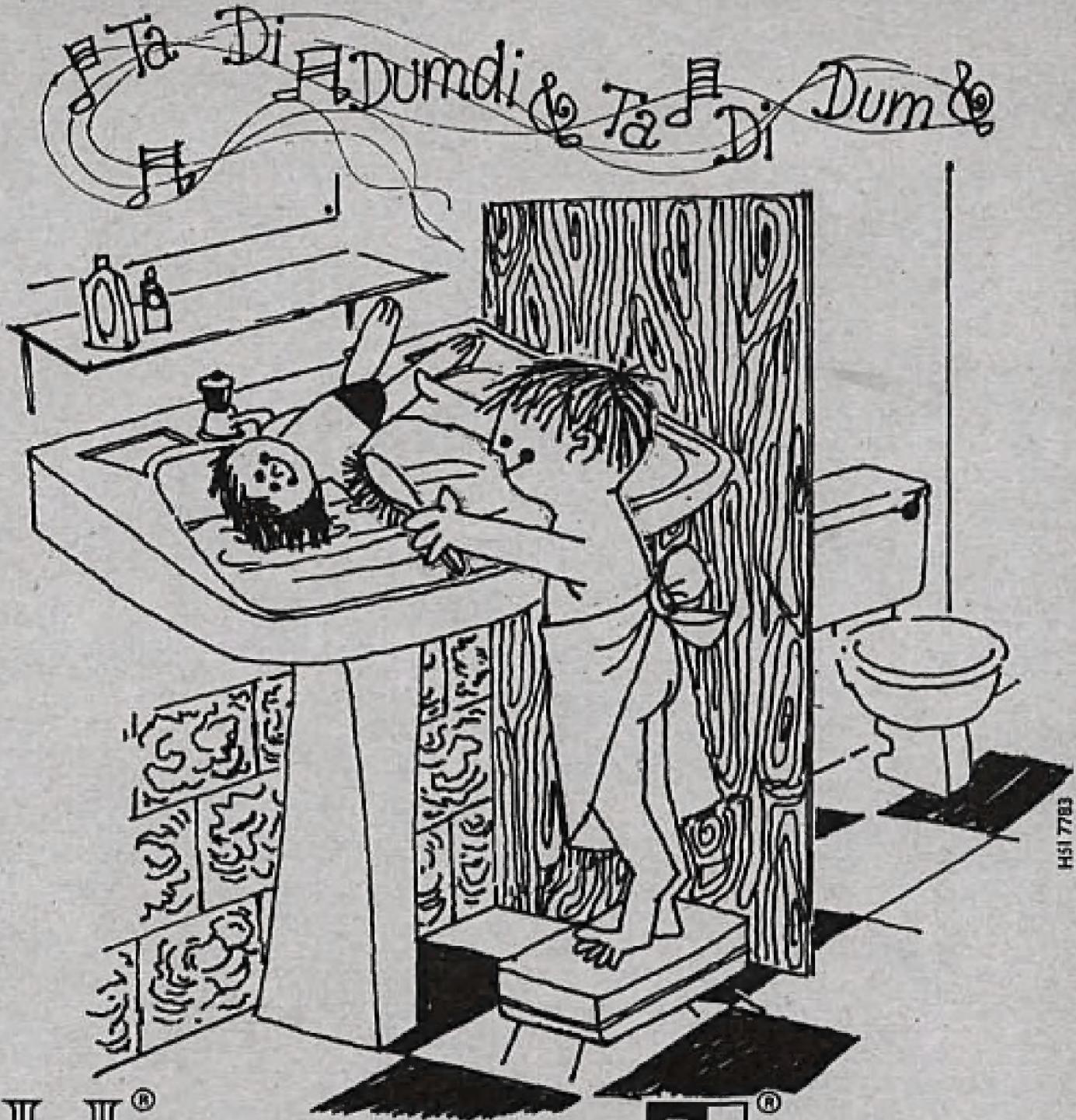
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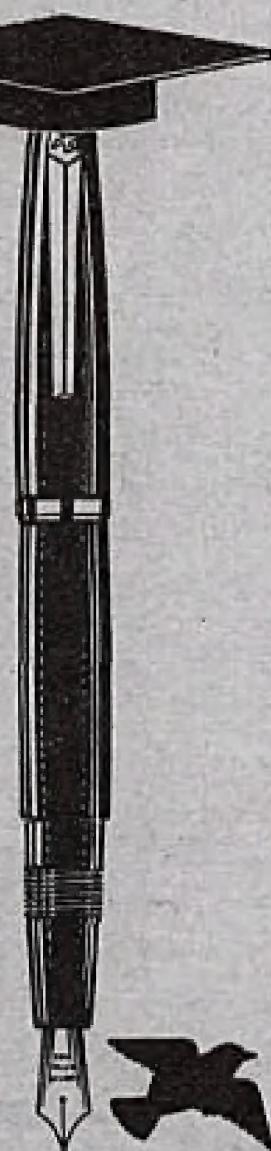
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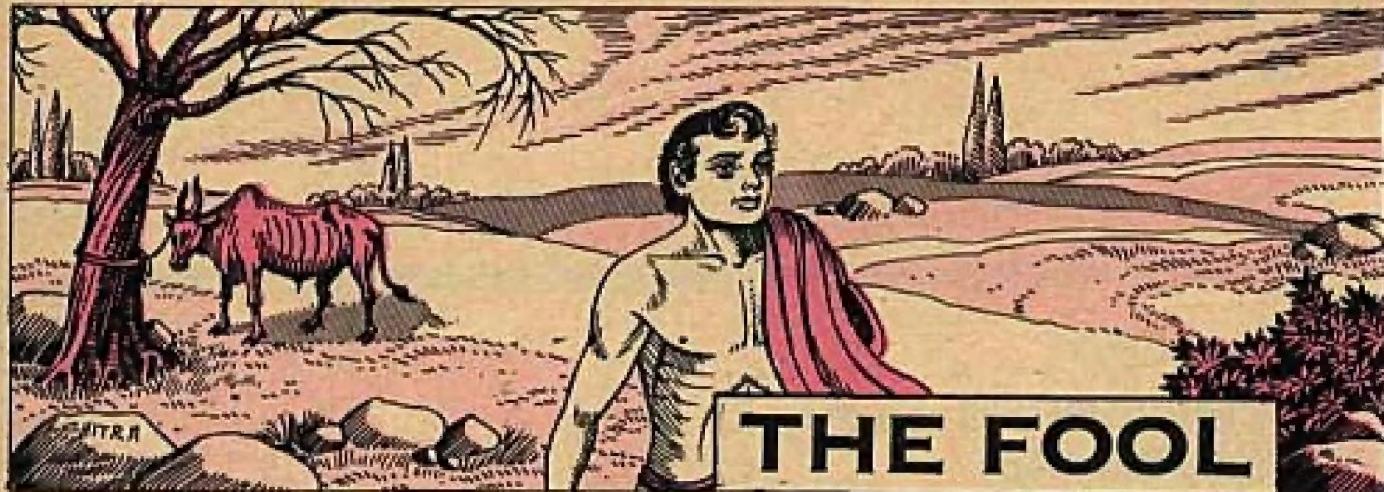
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THE FOOL

Long long, there lived a certain farmer who had three sons. They were named Jadu, Madhu and Budhu respectively. The first two lads were smart and intelligent, but Budhu was a dunce and a fool.

When their father died, Jadu and Madhu grabbed all the property and gave nothing to Budhu.

Naturally this aroused the ire of the youngest who demanded to know with some spirit why he had been deprived of everything. The other two replied, "Budhu, you are a fool. If the property remains in your possession someone will surely deceive you. Haven't you heard that a fool and his money are easily parted."

But Budhu was an obstinate sort of a fellow and insisted that they give him a share of the wealth. So they gave him an old bullock as his share.

Budhu was satisfied with this and next morning went to the cattle fair in the next town.

As he drove the bullock before him, he chanced to pass a tree and heard a crackling noise coming from the branches. So he asked, "Will you buy my bullock?"

No one replied, but the sound intensified. So Budhu said, "Very well, you can pay me tomorrow. I'll leave my bullock here."

When he got back home, his brothers asked him what price the bullock had fetched. He answered that he had sold it for twenty rupees, but that he would get the money only tomorrow.

Jadu and Madhu laughed at the simpleton's words and went back into the house.

Next day, again Budhu went to the tree and asked, "Where's my money?"

The only answer he got was

a rending noise. Satisfied with that he returned home, but when his brothers asked him what had happened, he replied that the money would be paid on the morrow. Jadu and Madhu were curious to know to whom he had sold the bullock and were highly amused to be told that the buyer was a mere tree.

They cried out, "Why, you fool! You'll never get any money from your sale. Fancy leaving your bullock there. Some fellow is bound to steal your animal. Go to, idiot."

Stung by this remark, Budhu took an axe with him and made his way to the tree. He repeated the question and shook

the tree but only the rending noise increased. Angry at last, Budhu cried out, "Well, you won't get away from me in a hurry."

Then he chopped at the overhanging branch of the tree, and the next minute, the branch broke and fell with a resounding crash. From the gash in the tree, a stream of gold coins cascaded down.

Actually the gold was stolen money secreted in the tree by some thieves. But Budhu did not know this. Happily he picked up the money and went home.

His brothers were struck dumb by all that money. They pressed him to reveal where he



had got it. So he took them back to the tree, where they uncovered a veritable hoard of gold coins. Tying up the money in three bundles they retraced their steps home.

On the way the village headman passed them and noticing their bundle asked what they contained.

Madhu and Jadu replied, "Potatoes."

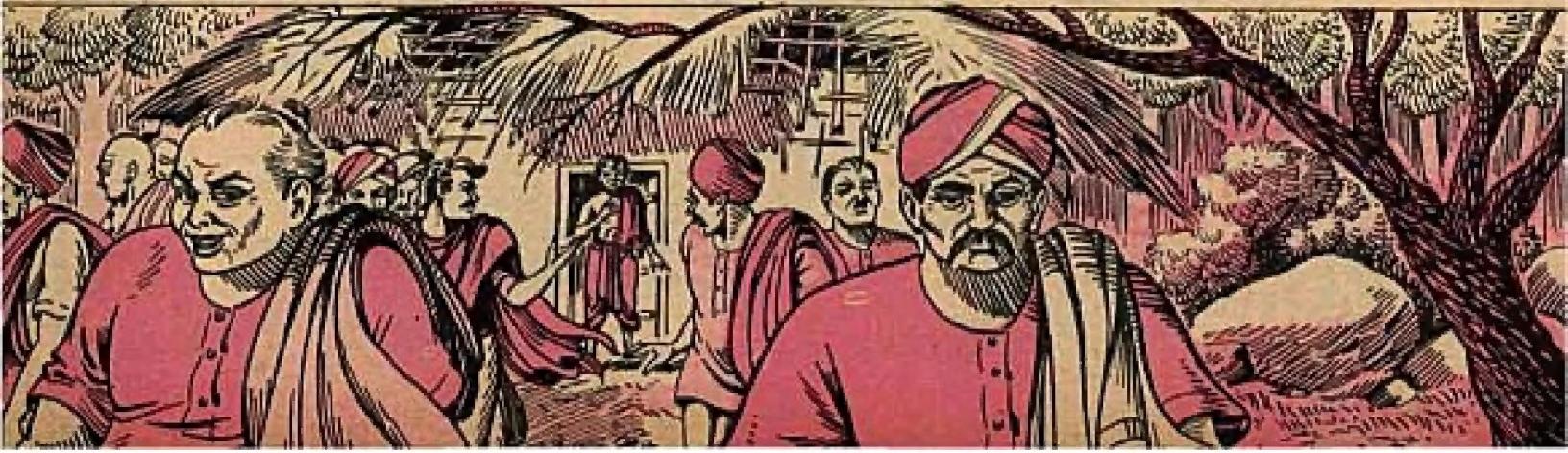
But Budhu said, "All lies. The bags contain a lot of money." Then he opened his bag and the headman was amazed to see such a lot of money. Greed getting the better of him, he tried to pinch a few coins, but Jadu and Madhu snatching up Budhu's axe dealt him a blow on the neck. The headman died on the spot and was secretly buried under a tree. Then they returned home. At night, Madhu and Jadu stealthily got out and killing a goat replaced the headman's body with that of the animal. They were sure

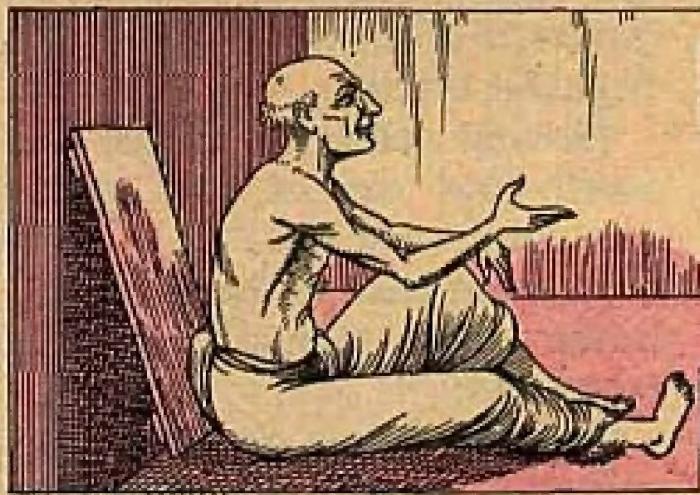
that Budhu would inform everyone of their deed and wanted to prevent any blame attaching to them.

As they had thought, Budhu went round telling everybody what his brothers had done. The worried villagers who were searching high and low for the headman now accompanied the fool to the spot indicated by him. But what was their disappointment to discover the carcass of a goat!!

They scolded Budhu roundly and went their ways. After this event Madhu and Jadu took all their money and left the village secretly. Budhu tried to spend the gold and was arrested by the king's soldiers on a charge of thievery.

When the king heard the whole story from the simpleton, he realised that such a great fool would never have the wits to steal. So he released him and Budhu went back to his village where he remained, as foolish as ever.





SOME GHOST! SOME EXPERIENCE

Once upon a time there lived a doll maker called Govind. He was an expert at his art and made attractive dolls which he sold during the Dussera festival.

One day, as usual he was on his rounds, when he lost his way in the forest. It was dark and he could hardly see any house on the road. At last he saw a tiny light in the distance and walked towards it. He came to a house dimly lit by a kerosene lamp. Only an old man lived there and he welcomed Govind hospitably.

The old man said, "Friend, put your basket down and rest here. While I cook a meal for you, relate something interesting to spend the time."

Govind set the basket down and said, "Sir, I don't know any stories. I am an illiterate person."

Then the old man said, "Very well. Sing a song then."

Again Govind shook his head and replied, "But I can't sing."

Whatever the old man asked him to do seemed impossible to him.

At last the old man got angry and said, "As you cannot amuse me or interest me in any manner, you cannot stay here. Be gone fellow."

So poor Govind got out of the house and walked some distance. Soon he came to a tree where a man was cooking food over a fire.

This latter beckoned to Govind and said, "Ah! There you are, Govind. Come and stir this soup. I'll be back soon."

Without waiting for a reply, the man got up and walked away.

Govind was so surprised to hear the other man address him by name that he forgot to stir the soup. Then suddenly

remembering the man's instructions hastily he began to stir the contents of the iron pot. At the same time he wondered how one man could drink so much soup for the pot was large and round and full to the brim. The stirring done, he waited a long time for the return of the pot's owner. But there was no sign of the other fellow. Getting impatient, Govind shouted out, "Sir, sir, the soup's done. Come and eat."

Suddenly a voice spoke near his elbow.

"Shut up, fool, Stir the soup properly. It's only half done."

Surprised to hear this, Govind looked around but found no one except the iron pot which was rattling its handle. With some fear, Govind realised that the pot had spoken. So he took up the ladle and began stirring the soup but his hand shook so much that he upset everything. At once the iron

pot rose into the air, and came down on Govind's head with a frightful thump.

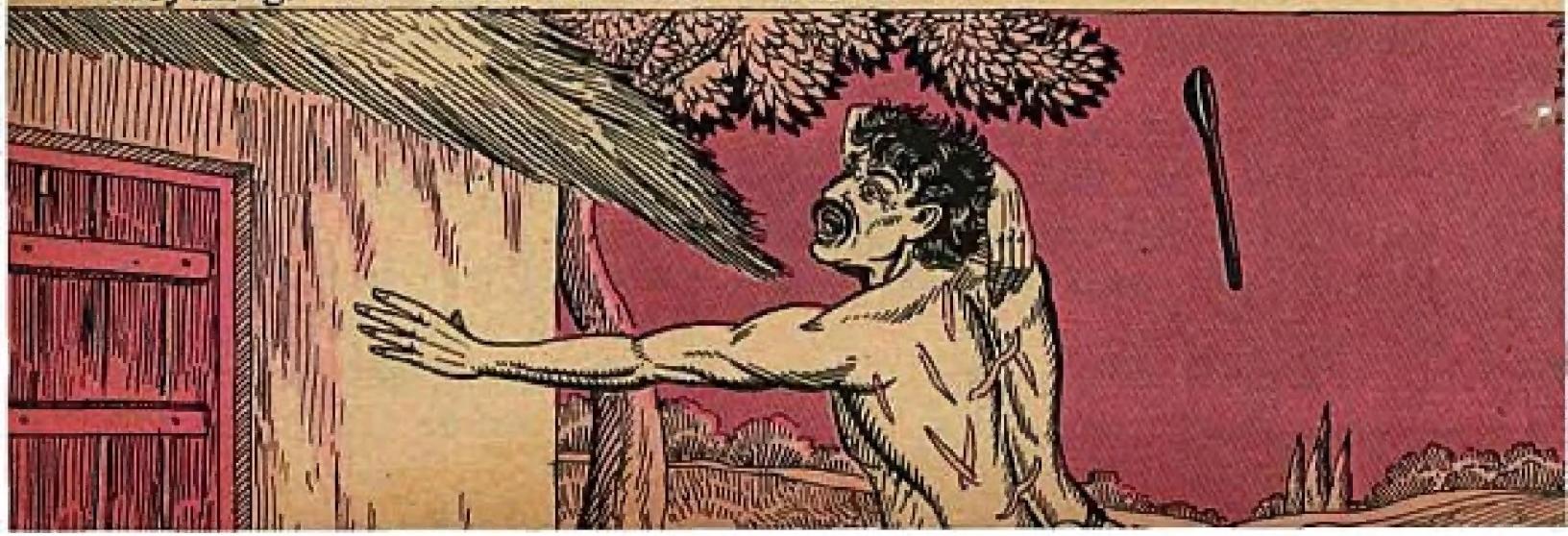
Govind yelled for all he was worth and ran as fast as his legs could take him.

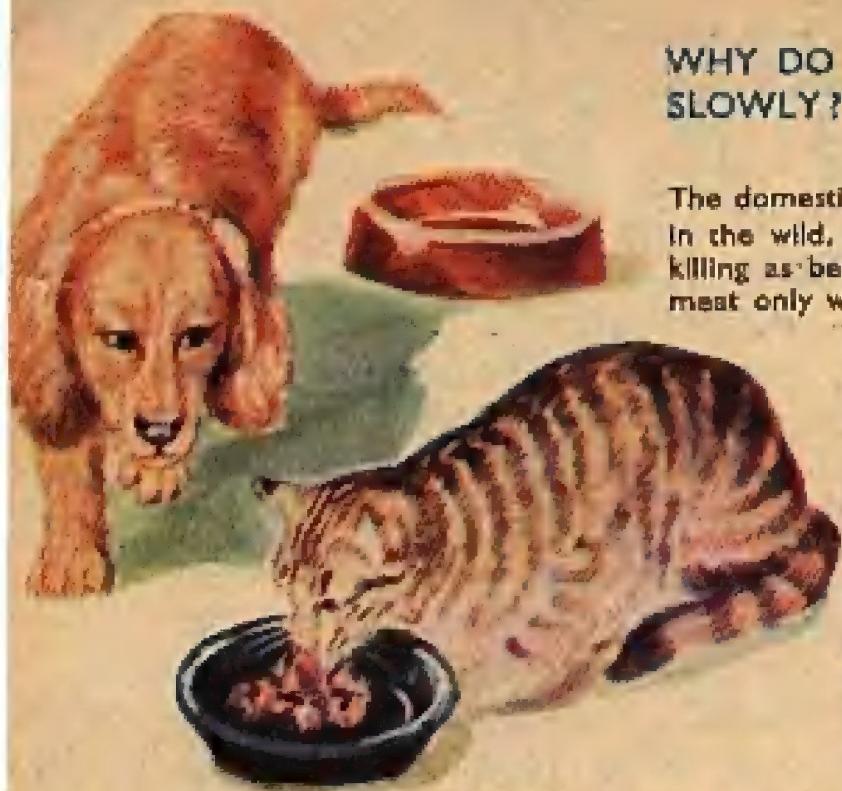
He went back to the old man's house and related all that happened.

The old fellow chuckled and said, "I thought you said you didn't know any stories. Remember experience is the best teacher and you can always relate such incidents to amuse others. Yes, you can stay here for the night."

Govind was happy that he had got a place to sleep in at last. He never dreamt that the man by the cooking pot and the old man were one and the same. In fact, a spirit lived in that house and delighted in frightening unwary travellers with its pranks.

Poor Govind, no one knows what happened to him afterwards.





WHY DO DOGS EAT QUICKLY AND CATS SO SLOWLY?

The domestic dog has descended from wolves and jackals; in the wild, these animals roam in great packs, hunting and killing as best they can. Those who snatch a large share of meat only will survive and others perish, as there are so many hungry mouths and so few victims. To try eating it slowly would tempt another animal to snatch away the food, especially one which had not been able to get a share of the feast. Although the dog came from the wild to be tamed many, many centuries ago, it still has some of the habits of its ancestors; and one of these is to eat its food as quickly as possible, though no other creature may be around. We all know how a dog will growl when gnawing at a bone which it thinks we might take away. On the other hand, the wild cat was an animal which did its hunting and killing entirely alone.

So when it had a meal, there was no danger of it being robbed, so it could take its time when feeding.

CAN A GIRAFFE BEND ITS NECK?

Although we usually see a giraffe with its neck seemingly stiff and straight, it can bend it fairly easily. The animal's neck does not contain just one single bone, but seven, running its entire length. These allow the giraffe to bend its neck, although it does not have the usually free movement found in most other animals.



KING RABBIT

In the kingdom of Scotland everyone was sad. The king sighed and the queen cried and the courtiers all had long faces. The trouble was that there was no heir to the throne. The king and queen had hoped for a son, but no son was born to them and now they were getting old.

"Your Majesty," said the Prime Minister one day, "I know it is a painful subject, but it is time you chose your

successor. The people are all asking who the next ruler will be. Surely there are plenty of worthy young men in the kingdom to choose from."

The people did not want to be ruled by some strange foreigner and they did not want several rivals quarrelling and fighting over who was to rule, as soon as the old king died. The king knew this and to prevent it happening, he decided to take his Prime Minister's advice. He sent his heralds out with a proclamation. All the young men of the realm who belonged to the most noble families were to come to the king's palace. There they would be given three tests by the king, to find out which of them would make the most suitable king. The winner would then be declared the heir to the throne.

On the appointed day, the first person to arrive was Prince Camillo. He was the king's third cousin and he was a handsome young man. Looking at him, the king thought that he



would make a very fine heir to the throne. Prince Camillo, looking at himself in the mirror, also thought he would make a fine heir to the throne, for he was a very vain young man. Besides, his family was rather poor and Camillo thought that if he were heir to the throne he would be given a large income. Then, when he became king, he could increase all the taxes and become so rich that he would have to build a larger palace to store all his treasure. "The king is too soft," he said to himself. "I shall increase all the taxes and make the people work hard. People will call me Camillo the Magnificent and bow down in the streets when I pass by."

Soon, everybody had arrived. Outside the palace, a great crowd had gathered in the square, to watch.

At a signal, all the young men were lined up in front of the king. A herald called out all their names. First came Prince Camillo and then all the others, in order of importance. Right at the end was a beautiful and dignified white rabbit, obviously belonging to a very rare species. The crowd burst into laughter and applause, as



the rabbit walked proudly up to the king. The Chancellor aimed a kick at him, to make him go away, but the rabbit only said with great dignity: "It is useless to try to make me go away. I come from a highly respected family, which no one looking at me can doubt and I am twenty one years old. I therefore have every right to take part in the competition."

The king was very taken aback, but no objections could be raised and he was certain that a simple rabbit could not pass his three tests, so he signed for the proceedings to continue. The first test was a race, to



find out who was the fittest of the competitors and at a signal from the king, they all started off at great speed. Prince



Camillo soon pulled away from the rest of the runners. He turned to see where his rivals were and found that the nearest was several yards away. However, he had forgotten the little white rabbit, running along at his side. When they were near the winning post, the rabbit put on a great spurt and flashed past the post yards ahead of Prince Camillo.

The second test was a duel. The king decided that the only two still left in the competition were Prince Camillo and the rabbit, so the duel would be between these two. Prince Camillo, who was secretly very annoyed that the rabbit had beaten him, felt sure that he would win in a duel. He brandished his long sword at his rival and then thrust forward, but the rabbit had foreseen his move and he jumped to one side. As he did so, he thrust his own short sword into Prince Camillo's leg, bringing him to the ground.

The king, who did not want a rabbit to succeed to the throne, ordered the third test to commence. This was a test of knowledge and the wisest men in the land put all kinds of learned questions to Camillo

and the rabbit. Camillo, who was as empty-headed as he was vain, could not answer the simplest questions and got himself into a great muddle, but the little rabbit was so surprisingly wise and intelligent that the king had to agree that he had passed the test with flying colours. He held up the rabbit's paw and told the astonished people that this was his heir.

At once, there was a great clap of thunder, the sun disappeared and a black cloud covered everything. It lasted only a few moments, then the sun came back, the cloud disappeared and with it, the little white rabbit had disappeared as well. In his place was a very handsome young man, who knelt at once before the king.

"Sire," said the young man, "I am the second son of a king. A magician put a spell on me, transforming me into a rabbit. I could only be released when a king had proclaimed me the heir to his throne."

All the people cheered wildly, for they had taken a great liking to the young man and when, after some time, the old king died, the young prince



became king. Everyone was very pleased and he was always known as King Rabbit.



THE MAIDEN WHO FELL IN LOVE WITH THE SUN



Many, many years ago in Greece there lived a beautiful girl. Her name was Flor.

She had hair that was the colour of golden wheat and her eyes were the colour of the blue, blue sea. Her parents had died when she was very young and she lived alone in a little house on the side of a mountain. All the animals who lived on the mountain were very fond of Flor, because she looked after them when they were ill and bathed their wounds when they were injured. In return, the animals brought her food so that she would not starve. One morning in Spring, just before daybreak, Flor suddenly woke up. She was sure she had heard a strange noise, yet she could not see or hear

anybody. She lit a lantern and went outside her little house.

It was dark and as she stood in the doorway, she saw a wonderful sight. There, high on the mountainside, stood a handsome young man. She recognised him at once. He was Apollo, the god of the sun, and he was getting his golden chariot ready to fly up into the sky. When he rode off it was the start of the day and the sun would appear above the earth.

From the moment Flor saw the sun god, Apollo, she could not stop thinking about him. As she watched, he climbed higher and higher into the sky and she thought how wonderful it would be if she could be up there with him, looking across half the world.

She went back to her home and started to prepare a meal but she could not concentrate and all morning she thought about Apollo.

In a deep river, nearby, there lived a wicked and evil genie whose name was Grog. He, too, had seen Apollo riding up into the sky and he had also seen the girl in the doorway of her house. Each day he had watched the girl working and he had fallen in love with her.

Grog saw the way the girl looked at the sun god and he knew at once that she had fallen in love with Apollo. He was very angry, for he wanted the girl for himself.

All morning Grog sat by the side of the river, trying to think of a way to make the girl marry him, but it was no good. He was so old and ugly and wicked and unkind. He decided that he must kidnap the beautiful girl and take her away from the mountains to live in his river. There he would keep her prisoner, so that she never again saw the sun god. All morning he planned and in the afternoon he went up the mountainside and captured the girl as she sat outside her house, combing her golden hair.

Flor struggled to escape but Grog the genie was too big and strong and he carried her back down the mountain to his river home. The girl was very unhappy. She did not want to marry ugly, old Grog and live at the bottom of his deep, dark river. She started to cry and screamed for help and she cried so loudly that the people who lived at the foot of the mountain could hear her. They did not dare try to rescue her, be-



cause the genie would have been angry and he would make the river overflow so that it would flood their homes.

At the bottom of the river, where Grog the genie had his home, no sunbeams ever came, for Grog hated the sun god Apollo and his beams of golden sunlight and he had built his home in the deepest part of the river so that the sunbeams could never reach him. Flor knew that once she had sunk down to the bottom of the river, Apollo would never even know she was there and she screamed even louder at the thought.

Flor hoped that Apollo, who was high in the sky by now, would hear her pleas for help. She cried louder and louder begging for help, until suddenly, Apollo the sun god, heard her.

He looked down from the sky and saw the beautiful girl who had been captured by Grog the river genie and he took pity on her.

Gathering all his strength he threw his largest and most powerful sunbeam down into the river where the genie was hiding. Gradually the water became hotter and hotter and then it began to bubble and boil until eventually all the water

had turned into steam and the river had dried up completely. All that was left of Grog was a little pool of brown water. When Flor felt the water getting warmer, she knew that Apollo was helping her and she rushed away from the genie and climbed out of the river on to the bank.

When Apollo came down from the skies at dusk that day, Flor was there to meet him. He saw how beautiful she was and he fell in love with her at once and made her his wife. She became the goddess of the sun and every morning she would climb into Apollo's golden chariot and ride off into the skies with him to start another day.

Ever since this happened, in memory of Apollo's help, the flowers all over the world have drops of water on their petals when the sun rises early in the morning.



"There's nothing in the rules to say that I can't wear my medals!"

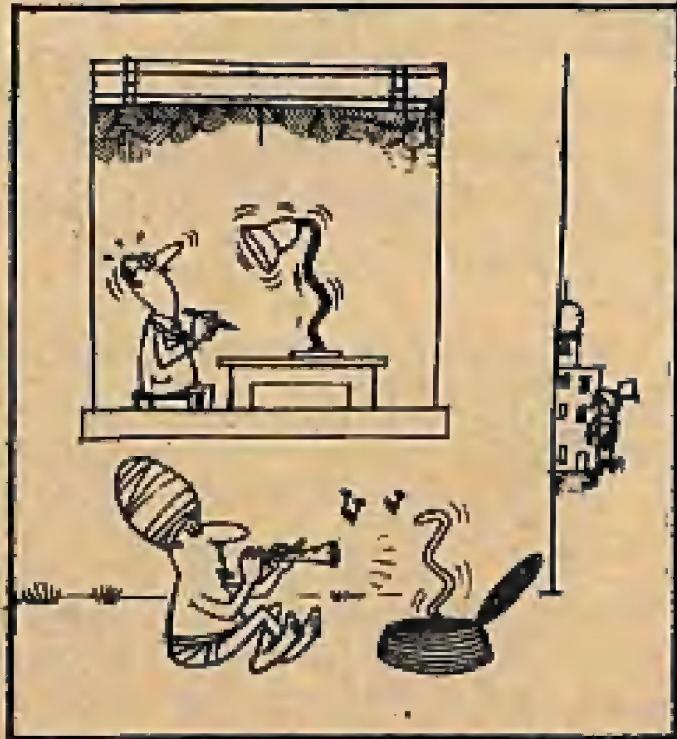
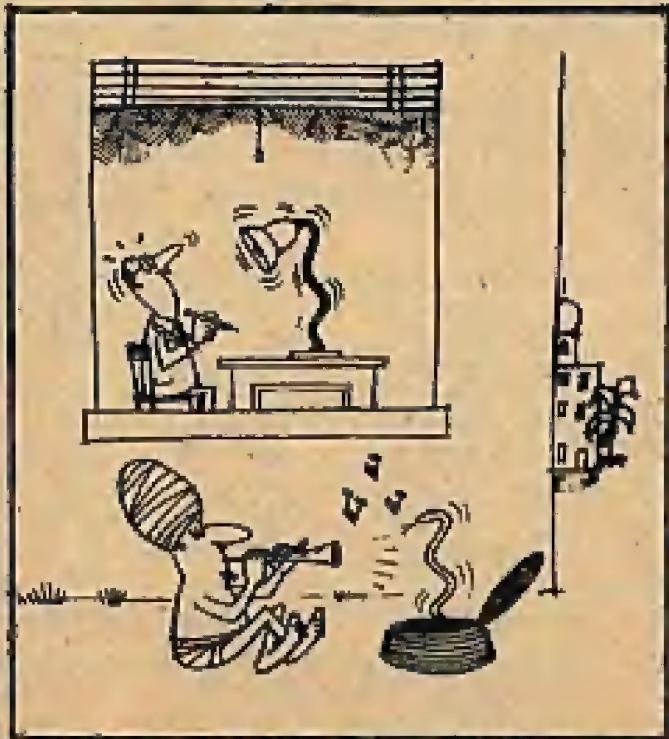
WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

1. Who performed the first heart transplant?
2. Which, what and where are the Benelux countries?
3. Four American Presidents have been assassinated so far. Who are they?
4. Which is the fastest four-legged animal in the world?
5. Which is the highest and most famous mountain in Japan?
6. Which of these words means a form of art : College, Collogue, Collage?
7. For what reason does a snake flick its tongue in and out when moving?
8. Hollywood, America's film capital, is a suburb city. What is its name?
9. Who was the first Prime Minister of Israel?
10. The last king of Egypt abdicated in 1952. What was his name?
11. Who is the Governor of Reserve Bank of India?
12. How is the official residence of the President of U.S.A. called?
13. Which country scored the highest in a Cricket Test Match?
14. Against whom did India win all the test matches in a series?
15. Who is credited with the highest number of Test Centuries?

Now Turn to Page 58 and Check your score!

SPOT THE DIFFERENCES

There are ten differences between the two cartoons. Find them out and enjoy for yourself. (Sorry, no clue anywhere in the Magazine.)



Robin Hood

and Maid Marian

When the wound was better Robin's shoulder was stiff, so he had to exercise it for a while. Marian went to watch. Robin set up a stick target and shot at it from several positions. His arrows struck the stick five times out of six. "I have heard that you are the greatest archer in England," declared Marian, "and now I know it is true."

Robin Hood saved the life of Maid Marian during a fight with Guy of Gisborne's ruffians. He was wounded in the shoulder and that he had to remain for some time in the outlaws' forest camp while it healed.

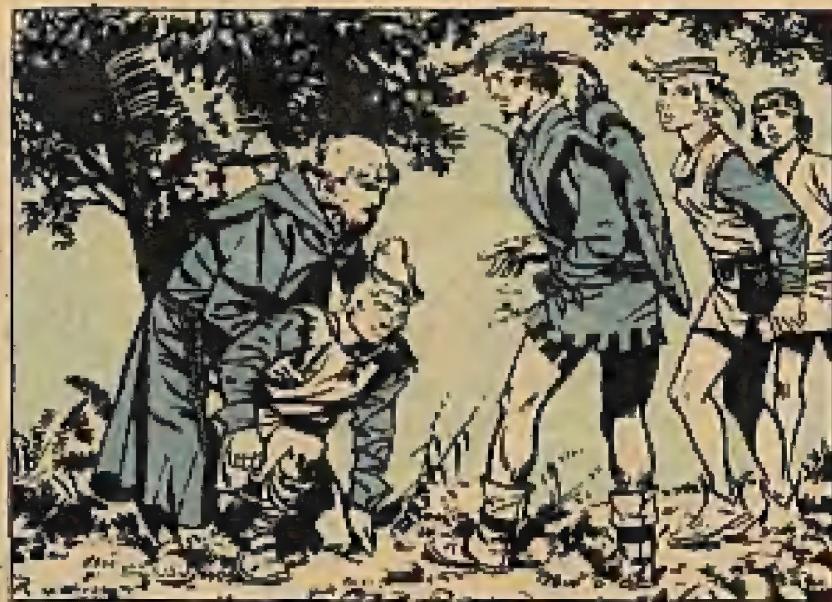


The shooting practice was interrupted by Will Scarlet, who had brought very important news for them. "What's the trouble, Will?" asked Robin. As soon as ever he could get his breath, Will Scarlet explained, "We have found a man in the forest," he panted. "He was lying in a thicket exhausted, so we took him to our camp."



"I will have a word with him," replied Robin. "Come on!" They hurried back to the camp and found the man there. "Who are you?" asked Robin. The man replied: "My name is Martin. The Normans have beaten me and robbed me."

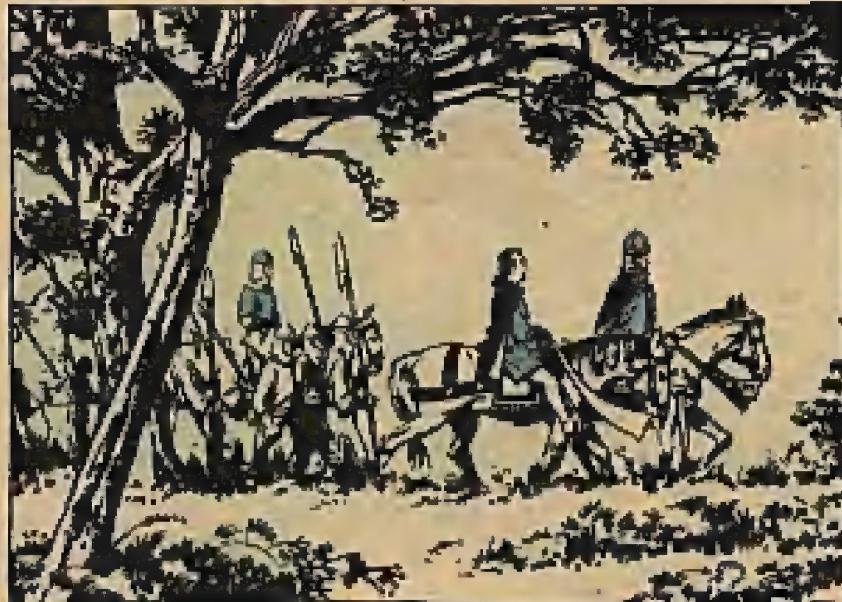
"We will see you safely to your home," said Robin. "But I have no home and nowhere to go," answered the man. "In that case you are welcome to stay with us," Robin said, and gave orders for the newcomer to be clothed and fed.



Marian stood there watching the man very thoughtfully as he told his story. Her friend, Gwen, was close-by. Maid Marian turned to her and said, quietly, "I don't believe he is telling the truth. He seems a shifty sort of man."



Meanwhile King John sent Sir Geoffrey Malpert to the Sheriff of Nottingham to find out what the Sheriff was doing to put an end to Robin Hood. The Sheriff made out that he was planning everything, very cleverly. "I have sent a spy into Sherwood to work his way into the outlaws' Camp and then set it on fire. The flames will be the signal for our attack!"



"That should be interesting," said Sir Geoffrey. "I will accompany you." The Sheriff was not keen on having Sir Geoffrey with him but he could not refuse so they both rode out with the soldiers to Sherwood Forest.

Everything was very peaceful in the outlaws' camp that evening. The night was still and the forest was lovely in the moonlight. Everybody was sleeping peacefully, except one man, and that was the stranger named Martin! He got up and crept away to the outlaws' wood pile.





It so happened that Maid Marian was up and wide awake as well. For some reason she could not sleep. She dressed and stepped out of the hut she shared with her friend Gwen. Suddenly Marian saw someone hurrying through the trees. She followed the man, then saw it was the stranger, making his way towards the wood pile.



The man wasted no time in setting fire to a torch. "Now, I will make a blaze that will guide the Sheriff's men this way," he muttered to himself. Marian was horrified. She realised at once what the cunning spy was trying to do.



A bright fire in the dark forest would guide all Robin's enemies to his secret camp. The brave girl darted from the shadows. "You traitor!" she cried, as she snatched the flaming torch out of the hand of the surprised spy.

The spy spun round, angrily. He was afraid all his plans would be ruined and he would lose the reward the Sheriff of Nottingham had promised him. He flung himself at the brave girl, but she was already shouting: "Help! Help!"



Marian's shrill cries broke the silence of the night and echoed amongst the trees. Robin Hood started up out of his sleep and woke up Little John. "It is Marian calling for help," he exclaimed. "Come on!" They ran to her help.

Marian was plucky but the traitor was far stronger. With a swift blow he sent her sprawling and the flaming torch fell from her hand. Unfortunately, it dropped on the logs and set them alight as the Sheriff's spy turned and ran!





Marian was struggling to her feet as Robin Hood and the outlaws came to her help. "Put the fire out—quickly!" she cried. "It's a signal to the Sheriff." Robin and his men saw the danger in a flash and rushed forward boldly.

Marian did what she could to help as they leapt amongst the burning logs, rolling them down and trying to stamp out the flames. But the fire was getting a firm hold of the dry logs and they began to blaze with a bright light.



On the edge of the forest, the Sheriff of Nottingham and Sir Geoffrey Malpert waited with their Norman soldiers for the fiery signal which they hoped would guide them to the secret camp of Robin Hood in the forest's depths.

ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN NEXT ISSUE



A NICE REMEDY

There lived in a certain village a prosperous farmer named Kishan. Once his wife fell ill, and despite the efforts of many physicians she got worse.

In another village, some distance away, lived a renowned fortune teller called Hari. Many people came to him and had their future told with varying degrees of success. But generally it was believed that he usually hit the mark with his predictions.

Kishan decided to consult this village oracle and set off with a lot of presents.

Now Hari was an ill-tempered fellow and had little patience with people who pestered him with repeated questions. Usually people had to speak distinctly and clearly in his presence. No one dared to

repeat a question for fear of being rebuked by the irate fortune teller.

When Kishan placed his gifts before Hari, the latter looked at him keenly and said, "Well, Kishan, I know you have come to consult me about your wife's illness, else why should you come so far? You have a proud nature, and you have gone against what is natural. That is why your wife suffers. You have stopped the natural flow of something. If you can remedy that, your wife will get better."

Kishan could not make head or tail of this cryptic pronouncement, but he nodded his head all the same, because he was afraid to provoke the other with his denseness. He thought for a long time about Hari's state-



ment that he had stopped the natural flow of something. He decided it must be the water of the canal which he had diverted to his own field, thus depriving his neighbour of all water. He went home and re-directed the water to his neighbour's field which surprised the latter no end.

But still the fever remained in his wife's body. Kishan tried many other things, but nothing seemed to work.

At last, desperate, he went again to Hari, who laughed indulgently on seeing him.

"So you've come back because you didn't know what I meant, and in the meanwhile your wife's health has gone from bad to worse. You fool, I was referring to your pride. From the day you married, you haven't sent your wife to

her parent's home. You thought your father-in-law to be inferior and your pride prevented you from sending your wife home to her parents. That's why she has pined away and is now lying at death's door. Take her home before it is too late."

Kishan realised what a fool he had been, and promptly took his wife to her parent's home. The old couple was overjoyed to see their daughter, and she with them.

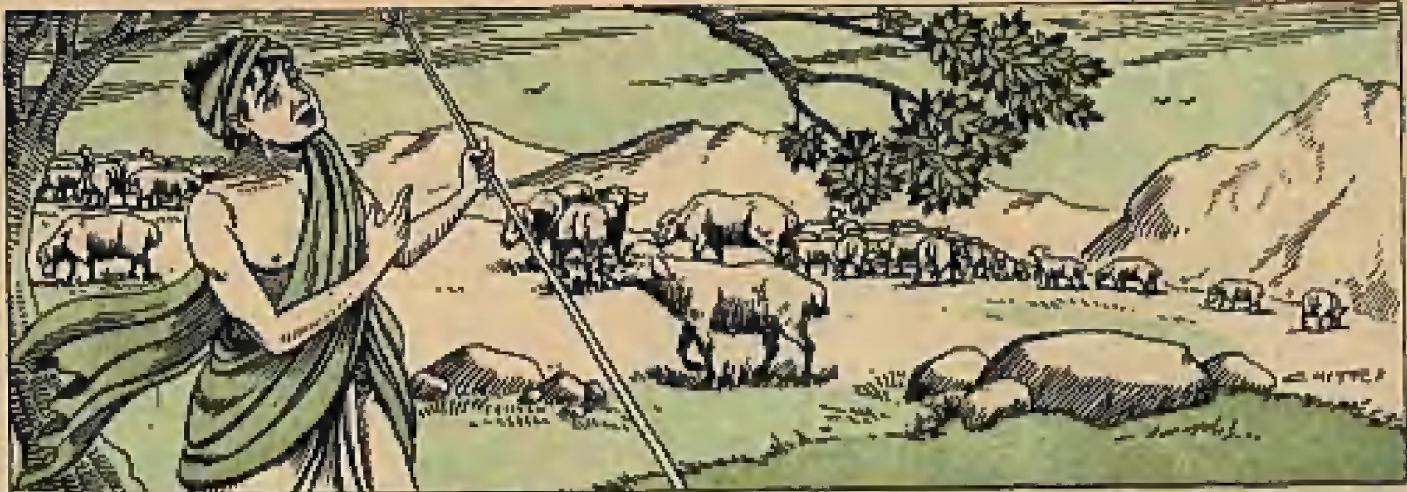
From that day, her health improved and she became her old self.

Kishan now knew that very often physical ailments could be traced to mental causes.

Moral: If the wife wants to visit her parents, don't stand in the way

It is great to think well. It is divine to act well.

— Horace Mann.



TRUE SERVICE

Long ago there lived a shepherd called Madhu. He was an orphan and so spent all his time with the flocks of sheep he owned.

One day, he went off to the village fair, leaving his flocks to graze by themselves. His friend, another shepherd, saw him and asked, "Hallo, where are you off to? Aren't you going to graze your sheep?"

Madhu replied airily, "I am off to the fair. As for my flocks, well, they are grazing in the forest all right. God will look after them."

His friend heard this, and as soon as Madhu's figure receded in the distance, went to the forest, and cutting out twenty five of the best sheep drove them to his house. When Madhu returned from the fair

and counted the sheep, he discovered his loss, and thought it was no use depending on God.

So he bought a pair of dogs to guard his flock. The dog seller told him, "Friend, give these dogs a few pieces of meat. Nothing more is needed."

Madhu trusted him implicitly, and did not feed the dogs properly. The result was that the pair went on strike and refused to guard the flocks. Now and then wolves made off with a sheep or two. What they killed they ate, and gave the rest to the hungry dogs.

Madhu was worried at the continuing loss of his sheep and his own inability to do anything about it.

As he sat dejected and sad at the foot of a tree, an old



man hobbled along the road. He stopped on seeing Madhu's downcast appearance, and enquired what had happened to make him so sad. Then Madhu related all that had happened.

The old man laughed and said, "Boy, you must keep your dogs happy and contented. Then they will serve you well. Feed them well, and you'll have no trouble."

Madhu began to feed his dogs properly and they wagged their tails in appreciation of what he was doing for them.

One day, the wolf pack came back to raid Madhu's flock, but the guard dogs bared their teeth and said, "Look here, jungle cousins, be off with you. Our master feeds us well and looks after us nicely. We don't need any helpings from you."

The wolves turned a deaf ear to this warning and defiantly went near the flock, whereupon the dogs fell upon them and inflicted severe casualties on them.

From that day, Madhu had no trouble and lived happily.

He enjoys much who is thankful for little; a grateful mind is both a great and a happy mind.

— Thomas Hooker



Beauty and the Beast

Once, a very long time ago, there lived a rich merchant, who had three daughters. All three were lovely to look at, but by far the loveliest was the youngest daughter, who was called Beauty, for unlike her two sisters, she had a very sweet nature.

One day, the merchant had to go on a long journey. "What shall I bring each of you when I return?" he asked his daughters.

"I want a beautiful diamond necklace," said the eldest daughter.

"I want a gold bracelet," said the second.

"What would you like, Beauty?" asked her father.

"Bring me the most beautiful red rose you can find," said Beauty. "That will make me very happy."

The merchant rode away. It took him many days to complete his business, but when he had finished, he bought the diamond necklace and the gold bracelet and set out for home.

He rode through a huge forest and when he came to the other side of it, there was a terrible storm. The lightning flashed and the thunder rolled and the rain came down in torrents. As the storm passed over, the merchant, cold and wet, saw before him a great castle. There were lights in the windows and he

thought that here he would surely find shelter for the night.

He dismounted and knocked at the door. It swung open and the merchant walked in.

He went from room to room, but he found no one at all. When he came to the great hall he found a big fire blazing in the hearth and a large table, loaded with good things to eat, so being very hungry, he sat down and had a good meal. When he had finished, he felt very sleepy. Opening a door at the end of the room, he found a bedroom, which looked as though it had been made ready for a guest and the merchant lay down to sleep.

Next morning, he awoke to find the sun pouring in through his window and there were his clothes, pressed and laid out neatly beside the bed. Breakfast was waiting for him and when he had finished his meal he went out into the garden, to see if he could find someone to thank for all this.

He wandered about among the lovely flowers, but could find no one. Then he noticed a bush, which bore the most perfect red roses he had ever seen and he remembered his promise to Beauty.



He bent forward and picked one and as he did so, he heard a terrible roar. Before him stood a great Beast, with the head of a lion.

"Ungrateful man," roared the Beast. "Would you repay me for the food and shelter I gave you by robbing me of my flowers? For this ingratitude you must die."

The merchant fell on his knees and pleaded with the Beast for his life.

"Forgive me," he cried. "I picked the rose only because I had promised my youngest daughter, Beauty, that I would take her a perfect red rose."

Finally, the Beast promised to forgive the merchant and let



him live, but only if he sent him, in return, the first living thing which met him when he got home.

The merchant gladly agreed, for his little poodle always ran out to meet him when he came back from a journey.

He went on his way and soon reached his home and to his horror, his youngest daughter, Beauty, who had seen him through the window, rushed out and threw her arms around him. Sadly, the merchant told her of the promise he had made to the Beast. "I must go back to the Beast and let him kill me," he said sorrowfully, "for I cannot send him my favourite daughter."

Beauty, however, would not hear of it. She dressed in her finest clothes and made her father take her to the Beast's castle. The Beast met them at the gate and led Beauty inside. The merchant rode sadly back home.

The Beast took Beauty to a room which had been specially prepared for her. "If there is anything you want, you have only to ask," he said. Then he went away and Beauty was alone.

Life in the Beast's castle was very pleasant. Beauty had everything she wanted and she rarely saw the Beast.

One day, she met him in the garden and smiled at him, for she thought it must be sad to be so ugly that people were frightened when they saw your face.

"Do you think me very ugly, Beauty?" the Beast asked and his voice was so gentle and sad that Beauty felt very sorry for him.

"I think you are very kind and good, which is much more important than being beautiful," replied Beauty and the Beast seemed so pleased at this, that Beauty was glad she had made him happy. She no longer felt in the least bit afraid of him

and soon she began to enjoy talking to him, for he was so kind and gentle.

However, sometimes Beauty grew very lonely and one day, she asked the Beast if she might go back and visit her family, who would be worried about her, for they had not seen her for such a long time. The Beast looked very sad and sighed. "You may go home, if you wish, Beauty," he replied, "but you must return in a week. If you do not, I shall die."

Beauty felt quite sad at leaving the poor, lonely Beast, but when she got home she quite forgot about him in the joy of seeing her family once more.

At the end of the week, they begged her to stay just one more day and she could not bear to leave them so soon. She forgot all about her promise to the Beast and another week went by.

Then, one night, Beauty dreamed she heard the Beast calling her. She dreamed that she was running through the great castle, searching for him and his voice was growing fainter and fainter. He was calling. "Come back, Beauty, or I shall die." Then she awoke and burst into tears.

She set off at once for the castle and went in search of the

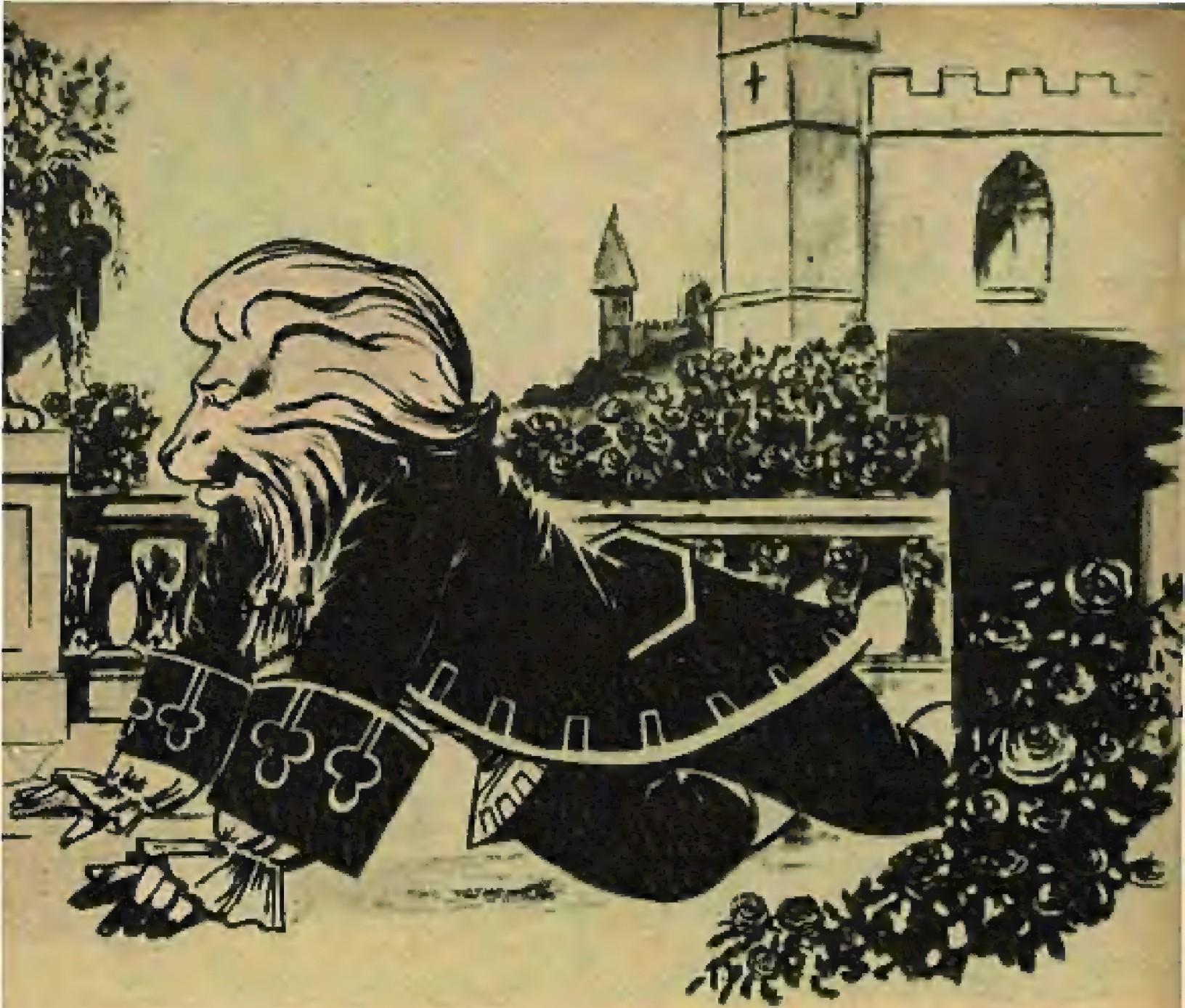


Beast, but she could not find him in the castle.

She ran out into the garden, calling him as she ran and finally she found him, lying half-dead in the rose garden.

Weakly, he opened his eyes as Beauty rushed up to him.

"Oh, my poor Beast," cried Beauty, "I have stayed away too long. I did not mean to harm you. Please speak to me and



say you will not die, dear, dear Beast." As she said this, Beauty kissed the Beast, right on his ugly face.

At once, to her great surprise, the Beast disappeared. In his place stood a handsome prince.

The prince took her hand and told her that when he was very young, a wicked fairy had cast a spell which changed

him into an ugly Beast. The spell could never be removed until a beautiful girl had kissed him, of her own free will, ugly though he was.

"Now," said the prince, "we can be married at once."

Beauty and the prince were married with the greatest of splendour and they lived happily in the big castle ever after.



THE MOUSE'S BOUNTY

All this happened a very long time ago, when that great teacher Shankaracharya lived and preached the doctrines of Adwaita. A certain hermit named Chidananda wanted to learn all about Adwaita. So he set out to see the great Preceptor with his disciples. But as he did not know enough Sanskrit for the purpose, he decided to learn the language from a scholar who lived in a nearby village.

The scholar agreed to teach them, but said. "Gentlemen, I shall teach you Sanskrit. But I wonder how you can stay here and learn. This village is in the grip of a severe famine. The people here-about are starving for want of food."

Chidananda replied, "Sir, don't worry about that. We'll manage it alright. But you must teach us Sanskrit." Closeby

was a tiny choultry which served as home for the hermit and his disciples. Everyday, Chidananda would learn from the scholar and at night he would impart his knowledge to his disciples. His men would depart in the morning and beg for food, as was their custom. What little they got was shared by all. A week passed in this manner.

One day, Chidananda was busy teaching his disciples. Just then a mouse ran up to him dragging a grain of rice. After depositing it at his feet, it scampered out of the room and soon returned with another grain. This it did several times until a small heap appeared before the startled eyes of Chidananda.

Marvelling at this mystery, Chidananda got up and follo-

wants to marry me. It doesn't concern you."

"Well, I propose to marry you. What do you say to that," said Sundar.

"Oh! Is that so? But remember, if you fail in the test you'll have to become my slave for the rest of your life."

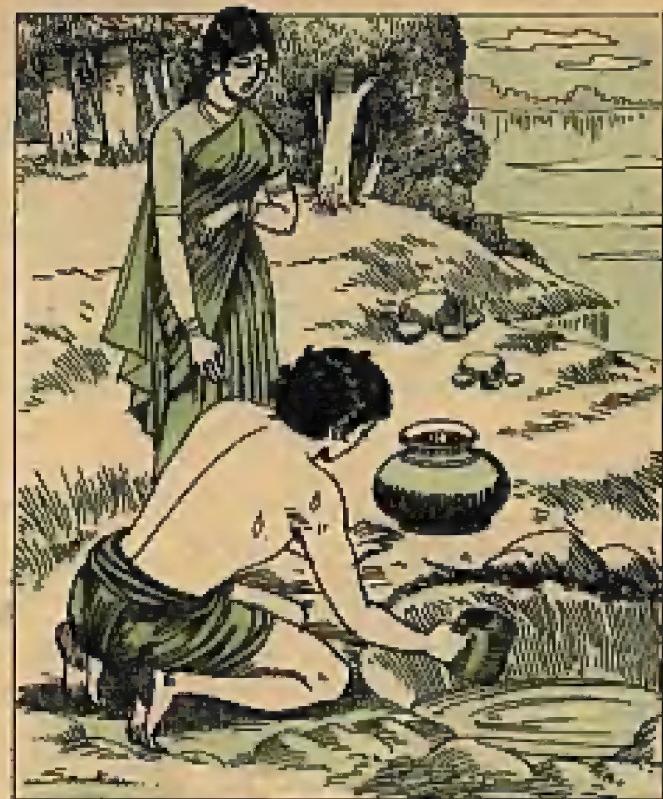
When Sundar remained undaunted, she took him to the river bank and gave him a mug and a mud gourd. Then she asked him to dig a spot in the bank.

She said, "Dig here, and drain all the water with this mug. Then when you see clear water at the bottom, fill up the gourd."

Poor Sundar toiled all day, but he could never drain all the water. Thus he failed in his first test.

Then Roopmathi took him home, and on the way, the hoots of her friends followed him at his failure.

Then Roopmathi took a ladle, a small jar and some incense and said, "Now, Sundar, throw this incense on the fire, and as soon as the smoke rises, you must trap it in this box. I'll go and take my bath. This smoke from the incense will be good for my hair."



Sundar threw the incense on the fire, and quickly placed the jar on the fire.

After some time Roopmathi came back and asked for the smoke.

Sundar raised the jar from the fire, and discovered to his dismay, not a wisp of smoke. Naturally, the smoke had escaped and the fire had gone out.

Sundar had to bear the mocking smiles of the other women, who had gathered to watch the fun.

For the third time, Roopmathi placed a jar of milk before him, and said, "This is the third and final test. You must separate the good milk



from the water."

Poor Sundar did not know what to do, and looked around pathetically. He declared pitifully that he could not do it and prepared to leave. Then Roopmathi said, " You can't go anywhere. Remember, under the terms of the test, if you fail in all three, you must become my slave for the rest of your life."

News of Sundar's discomfiture spread all over the town,

and everyone knew that he had been hoisted with his own petard.

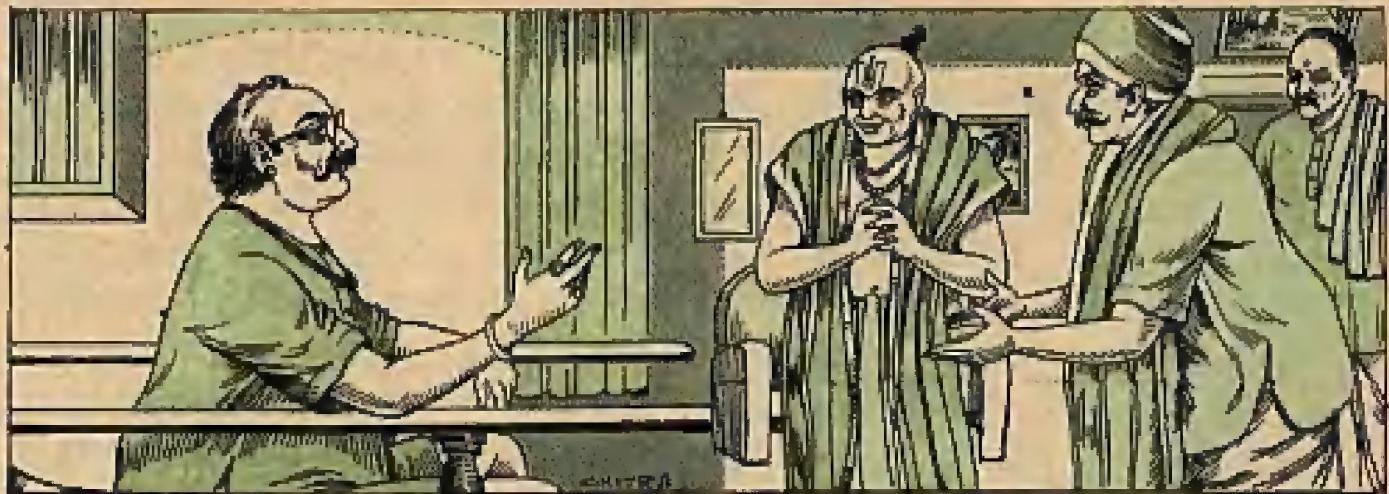
Sundar turned a new leaf from that very moment. The elders of the place got together and decided that the best thing to do under the circumstances was to arrange for the marriage of the two.

So on an auspicious day, Sundar wed Roopmathi, and led an honourable life.



DO BEARS HUG PEOPLE TO DEATH?

There is no evidence they do, although many witnesses have said that this is so. In olden days, bears were used for boxing and wrestling, but they never hugged their opponents. A bear fights with its paws rounded in a half circle position, and from a distance. It could look as though the animal was embracing its victim. No doubt, we shall continue to use the phrase, bear hug.



THE RIGHT CHARITY

Once upon a time, there lived in a certain city a devotee of God named Bhagwandas. He was a goodly man who was well versed in the scriptures. He would go from place to place singing and speaking the praises of the Lord, and people rewarded him in kind and cash which enabled him to lead a happy life.

One day he went to another city. As usual he was invited to preach a sermon there. The town's people had arranged for the sermon to be delivered in the open verandah of a prominent citizen's house. Devdas, the householder, did not mind one bit as the work was holy and good.

As the sermon began, a plate was placed in a corner of the verandah. The idea was that

anyone who wanted to could place their offerings of money on the plate. Many dropped their money even before the sermon began. Others waited for it to end. Devdas had brought an expensive shawl and hundred rupees to present to the speaker. He too waited for the sermon to end.

Ramdas was another wealthy landlord of that town. He too had come to listen to the sermon.

As the sermon began, he placed a shawl and four rupees on the plate and then sat in front of the speaker. Perhaps he would have given more if he had arranged for the speaker to come to his house.

Devdas was watching intently the offerings made by the people and realised that Ramdas's four

rupees and shawl topped the list. Why should he give an expensive shawl and hundred rupees? He could give ten rupees and an ordinary dhoti to go with it. Accordingly he altered his presents.

Now Bhagwandas, noticed all these goings on while dwelling on the story of God. So in the middle of his sermon on the Mahabharata, he said pointedly, "Karna was famous for his charities. One day he was bathing in the river when a brahmin came to him for alms. At that moment Karna was holding a golden oil chalice in his left hand and daubing himself with his right hand. The brahmin said,

"Oh! King, give me whatever you possess now."

So Karna gave him the golden

chalice, but the brahmin refused to take it saying that it was not proper to receive charity given by the left hand.

Then Karna said, "Sir, when man gives charity, he must give away whatever lies in his hand. He must not dwell on the nature and kind of the charity he is giving. When I thought I would give you this chalice it was in my left hand. If I took time to place it in my right hand, my mind might undergo a change. That is why, I gave it to you instantly."

These words struck a chord in Devdas's heart and he replaced the ten rupees and dhoti with his original gifts. Thus Bhagwandas was able to convert a man with the persuasive tale.



THE PLAIT OF THE CHINESE SINGER

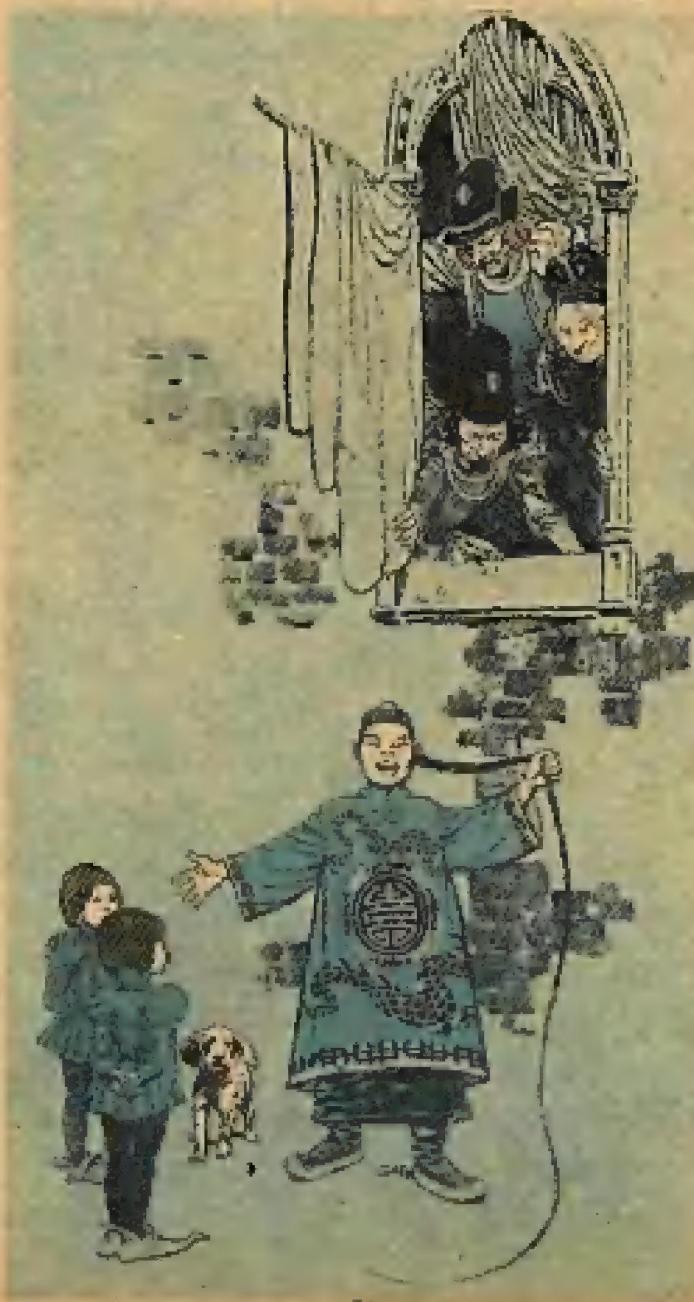
A long time ago, in China, there lived a boy who had a wonderful voice. Whenever he was happy he would sing and as he was a happy lad by nature, he sang most of the time, as he worked and as he played. Every-

one around would stop to listen, for it was the sweetest sound they had ever heard.

As was the custom, the boy grew his silky black hair long. In fact it had never been cut and he wore it in a plait, which hung down his back. As he sang, he would twist the long plait of hair through his fingers.

Those who heard him never forgot and his fame soon spread far beyond the little village where he lived. It reached the emperor, who lived in the Imperial palace, in the great city of Peking. He sent a message to the boy, ordering him to come to Peking and sing for him. "I must hear this boy with the golden voice for myself," he said. "But if he is half as good as the singers at my court, I shall be surprised, for I have the best singers in the whole of China at my court."

When the palace singers heard that a boy from one of the villages in the North was coming to sing for the emperor, they all roared with laughter. "We are the best singers in all of



China," they said. "How can a simple country bumpkin, from some poor little village, hope to sing like us? The emperor must be quite crazy to get him to come such a long way, when he has us to sing for him any time he wishes."

The boy with the golden voice set out on the long journey to Peking. He climbed steep mountains, forded deep rivers and travelled through wild country.

One day, as he was going along a rocky road, a fierce-looking fellow leaped out and seized him. He marched the lad to a cave in the hills, which was the home of a band of brigands and took him to the brigand chief.

"You are my prisoner," said the chief. "You must pay me a ransom, or you will die."

"Alas, I have no money, I am only a poor peasant," said the boy, "but I am on my way to sing for the emperor and I am sure that what is good enough for the emperor will be good enough for you, so I will sing for you, too." Then, twisting his long, black plait in his hand, he sang his loveliest song. All the brigands ceased their chatter and crept nearer to listen. Those who were cooking left

the fire and even the guards around the cave forgot to keep watch on the road below. When the boy had finished, the brigands gave him a great supper and the best bed, because they had loved his singing. Next morning, two of them went with him as far as the great city of Peking, so that no harm should come to him on the way.

At the Imperial palace, the emperor and all the palace singers gathered to hear the boy. Twisting his silky black plait through his fingers, he sang for them and as the beautiful voice filled the room, they sat spell-bound.

"He has a most wonderful voice," said the emperor. "He shall stay here and sing for us. Give him everything his heart desires."

For a long time, the singer stayed at court, but his fame spread abroad and the people of other countries wished to hear him. He asked permission of the emperor to tour the world and the emperor agreed to let him go. The boy was glad to go, for the palace singers were very jealous of his wonderful voice and were as unkind to him as they dared to be.

The singer boarded a boat



and sailed away from China. He travelled far and wide, visiting many countries. The older he grew, the richer grew his voice. After several years, he decided to return home, for he had been away a long time.

He went back to the palace in Peking and the emperor welcomed him back with joy. "Come

and sing for us," he commanded. "You have been away too long."

There was a muttering and grumbling among the palace singers. They were filled with envy as they listened to the singer, his voice even more rich and mellow than when he went away. They noticed that he

still twisted his plait around his fingers as he sang and one of them had an idea. "We must cut off the plait," he whispered to his companions. "Perhaps that is the secret of his lovely voice. If he lost his beloved plait, perhaps he would not be able to sing any more, then he would go away and we would be the emperor's favourites again as we were before."

One night, as the singer lay sleeping with his plait coiled on the pillow beside him, the leader of the palace musicians crept up and snipped it off with his sharp scissors. He threw the plait of hair into the river. Next morning, the singer woke up to find that his beloved plait had vanished. His hair stuck out, short and thick like bristles from his head and he

was so unhappy that he could not sing any more. He decided to leave the palace and shut himself away from the world and the people who were so jealous of him and study and think.

Years went by and the singer became a very wise man. His many years of study had made him the wisest and most respected man in the land. One day, he looked in the mirror and was amazed. All the time, while he had been studying and thinking, his black hair had been growing and now it was as long as it had been before. He opened his mouth and sang again for pure joy. People crowded into his room to listen, for it was the sweetest sound they had ever heard. They begged him to sing for them again and again and soon he was singing all the time. Now his songs were even better than those he had sung before, for they were the richer because of the wisdom and experience he had gained during his long years of study. It is said, even to this day, that never in the history of man was there anyone who could sing such wonderful songs, to touch the hearts of the people.



THE SNEEZE

Once upon a time, in Italy, there lived a poor man who had so many children that he did not know how to find enough food to feed them.

Also, he knew no trade, so he had to find work wherever he could as a hired labourer.

One day, when he had not been able to find any work, he trudged sadly home to where his wife and children waited, with no money and no food. "We must have food for the children," the poor man thought to himself, "and there is only one thing to do. I must become a burglar and steal enough money."

Nearby lived a rich farmer who had a horse, of which he was very fond and a very fine carriage. "I will wait until he is in bed," thought the poor peasant, "and then I shall go to his stable and steal his horse and carriage. I shall drive them away and then sell them in the next town. Then we shall have enough money to buy food for a long time to come."

The poor peasant waited for

a very dark night and then he set out. To tell the truth, he was quite scared, for he had never tried being a burglar before and he did not know very much about it, so he whistled to keep his spirits up.

As he walked along, he met a man going the same way. "Who are you?" asked the peasant, for the other person was wrapped up in a large cloak, with a hood over his head. "I am the Devil," replied the stranger. "And who are you?"

"I am a burglar," replied the peasant. "I am going to the nearby farm to steal the farmer's horse and carriage."

"Good," said the Devil. "I, too, am going burgling. I am going to steal the farmer's soul, so we will go along together."

"How will you do it?" asked the puzzled peasant. "It is hard enough to steal a horse and carriage, but a soul is quite a different matter."

"It's very easy," replied the Devil. "I shall go into the room where he sleeps and wake

him up. He will immediately call for his servant and ask him to bring some water. The servant will bring the water and when he has left, the farmer will start to wash and then he will begin to sneeze loudly. If there is no one there to say 'Bless you,' he will sneeze himself to death and then his soul will be mine. When you hear him sneeze, do not say a word, peasant. If I am successful, you can steal the horse and carriage and no one will notice it has gone in the confusion, when they find their master dead."

The poor peasant promised he would keep very quiet and when they reached the farm, the Devil went to the rich farmer's bedroom.

The peasant, curious to see what was going to happen, hid himself outside the bedroom window.

He saw the Devil wake the farmer and he heard the farmer call for his servant, who brought him some water. Then the farmer began to wash and as he did so he started to sneeze violently.

When the burglar heard him sneezing so violently that he shook with the sneezes, he felt

sorry for the farmer and he was quite unable to stop himself crying out, "Bless you!"

The man stopped sneezing immediately. The Devil, in a fury, jumped down from where he was sitting and shrieked as he rushed away, "You wretch, you promised you would keep silent. I will see that you never have any success as a burglar."



At this, the poor peasant was very sad. He had quite forgotten his own errand, while he was watching the farmer.

The farmer, however, had seen him through the window and shouted at once for his servant. "Quick, there is someone at the window," he called.



The servant ran outside. He caught the poor peasant just as he jumped down from the window and took him to the farmer.

"Was it you who shouted 'Bless you' when I was sneezing just now?" asked the farmer.

The poor peasant admitted that he had been watching through the window and had shouted. Then he told the farmer how he had met the Devil on the road and they had walked to his house together, the peasant to rob the farmer of his horse and cart and the Devil to rob him of his soul.

"But when I saw you sneezing so unhappily and the Devil perched behind you, gloating at his unkind trick, I could not help myself," said the peasant. "I felt I had to save you and so I called out 'Bless you' and you at once stopped sneezing. The Devil was so angry that he rushed away in a fine old rage and he will not come back here again."

The rich farmer scratched his head in a puzzled fashion. Then he said, "Thank you, my friend. I believe you have saved from one of the Devil's tricks. I certainly felt no need to get up and get washed in the

middle of the night, but just the same it seemed that I was forced to do it. As a reward for your help I will give you not only the horse and carriage, which you came to steal, but a good piece of land on which you can grow food to feed your large family and a few hundred silver coins to buy yourself seed to plant and keep your family well fed and well clothed."

The poor peasant was delighted with the rich farmer's gifts. He remembered the Devil's parting words that he would never make a successful burglar.

"I don't think I would have

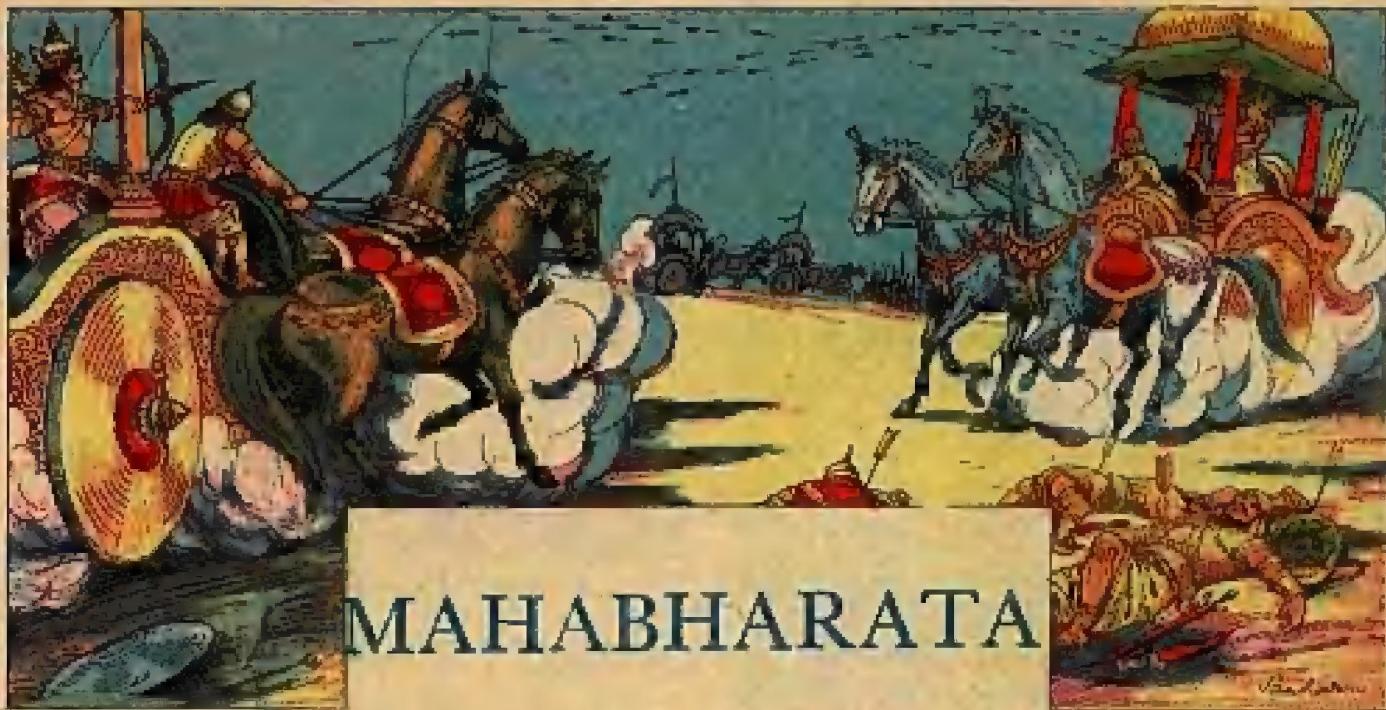
been a very good burglar anyway," he said to the farmer, "and I am very glad I shall not have the chance to prove it. I am quite certain I shall make a much better farmer." Then the peasant went happily home to tell his wife how the Devil had brought them good fortune.

That is why, so the story goes, we say, "Bless you!" when somebody sneezes.

TALLEST TREES IN THE WORLD

The redwoods which grow in the American State of California are the tallest, soaring upward to 300 ft. and more. The tallest of them is of 368 ft. height. Its trunk is more than 44 ft. round. Some of these are said to be of 2,000 years old.





MAHABHARATA

The story so far...

To contain the onward march of Kaurava armies, Abhimanyu raced up to challenge Lord Bhishma. In the act Swetha paid with his life. On hearing this gloom descended on the Pandava camp and Yudhisthira feared that Bhishma would kill all of them. Only when Lord Krishna and Dhristadyumna assured him that Sikhandi would kill Bhishma and the latter had sworn to kill Drona, Yudhisthira had gained confidence and ordered the Pandava legions to be formed in the shape of a Krauncha bird. But the new tactics did not have much effect on Bhishma, who went on the demolishing spray. Only Arjuna proved more than a match. Now read on...

It was the afternoon of the second day. Aswathama, Kripa and Salya fought fiercely against Dhristadyumna and Abhimanyu. Duryodhana's son Lakshana attacked Abhimanyu. But he wilted under the pressure exerted by the former. Suddenly a number of Kaurava warriors surrounded Arjuna's son. When Arjuna raced to his aid, Bhishma and Drona opposed him. But the Pandava bowman rained his steel-tipped arrows on them and forced them to retreat. The carnage became terrible to behold.

Lord Bhishma told Drona, "At this rate we cannot hope to win over Arjuna. He will kill all the Kauravas. Our soldiers dare not face him. As



the sun has gone down, let us stop the battle and retire." The trumpets sounded and the combatants retired to their tents.

On the third day, the Kaurava armies were formed in the shape of Garuda, the celestial bird, and the Pandavas arranged their troops like a half moon.

Duryodhana selected Ghatothkacha as his target, and the Pandavas launched a blistering attack on Bhishma and Drona. Abhimanyu engaged Sathyaki and Shakuni in a one-sided combat.

Ghatothkacha and Bhima ranging over the battlefield like fierce primordial monsters slew their enemies by the hun-

dreds. As the Kauravas watched in dismay, Duryodhana went to Bhishma and said, "Grandfather, how can this be? Even with you in the thick of the battle, our soldiers are retreating headlong! If your affection for the Pandavas is so great you could have told me that you wouldn't go against Sathyaki and Dhristadyumna. Obviously you don't want to exert yourself."

These words stung the old Patriarch to the quick and in greater anger, he roared, "Duryodhana, don't talk like a fool. Often I've told you that even God Indra cannot defeat the Pandavas. I know I am old, and I fight well within my abilities. Watch what I do now."

Then he launched a series of lightning raids on the Pandava flanks. So great was his wrath, and so powerful his thrust, that many Pandava warriors had their lives snuffed out like candles. The Pandavas ran in wild disarray.

Then Lord Krishna turned to Arjuna and said, "Arjuna, now is the time for you to display your great skill. Go to the aid of our demoralized troops."

Obediently Arjuna turned his chariot round and drove at Lord Bhishma. The mighty Gandiva twanged, and Bhishma's bow struck by an arrow broke into two. Undaunted the old warrior took up another bow and continued the battle.

All the Kaurava warriors rushed forward in a body and encircled Arjuna. Sathyaki came to Arjuna's help but the going was well nigh impossible. Angered at the sight of so many thirsting to kill Arjuna, Lord Krishna exclaimed, "Sathyaki, look at those cowards. I must do something I shall unhand

my celestial wheel and kill Bhishma and Drona."

Then he jumped down from the chariot and holding aloft his wheel began to twirl it on his forefinger.

When Bhishma saw this dreaded sight he smiled and said, "Oh Lord! To die at your hands will indeed be a great blessing."

Krishna said sharply, "You are the one responsible for this great war. If you had stopped the infamous gamble on that fateful day, all this would not have happened. Not only did you condone Duryodhana's



deceit, but today you stand by his side."

Bhishma retorted, "I shall always do my duty by the ruling king."

Krishna exclaimed, "Did not the Yadavas leave Kamsa, when he became a tyrant? The wicked seek their own destruction."

Arjuna, who had also got down from his chariot hastened to Krishna's side and implored, "Lord, you have promised to be impartial in this war. Don't break your pledge. I will destroy the Kauravas. I stake my life on this."

Appeased by these words, Krishna went back to his drivers' seat, and the battle was resumed. Soon Arjuna began to take a dreadful toll of Kaurava lives. He killed their war elephants and steeds by the thousands.

The Kurukshetra field ran red with the blood of the slaughtered Kaurava troops, and the anguished cries of the wounded and the dying filled the air. The Pandavas blew their conches in great jubilation. Then Arjuna loosed the blessed Indra shaft, and the Kaurava forces ran in disorderly retreat. Thus the day ended in a great

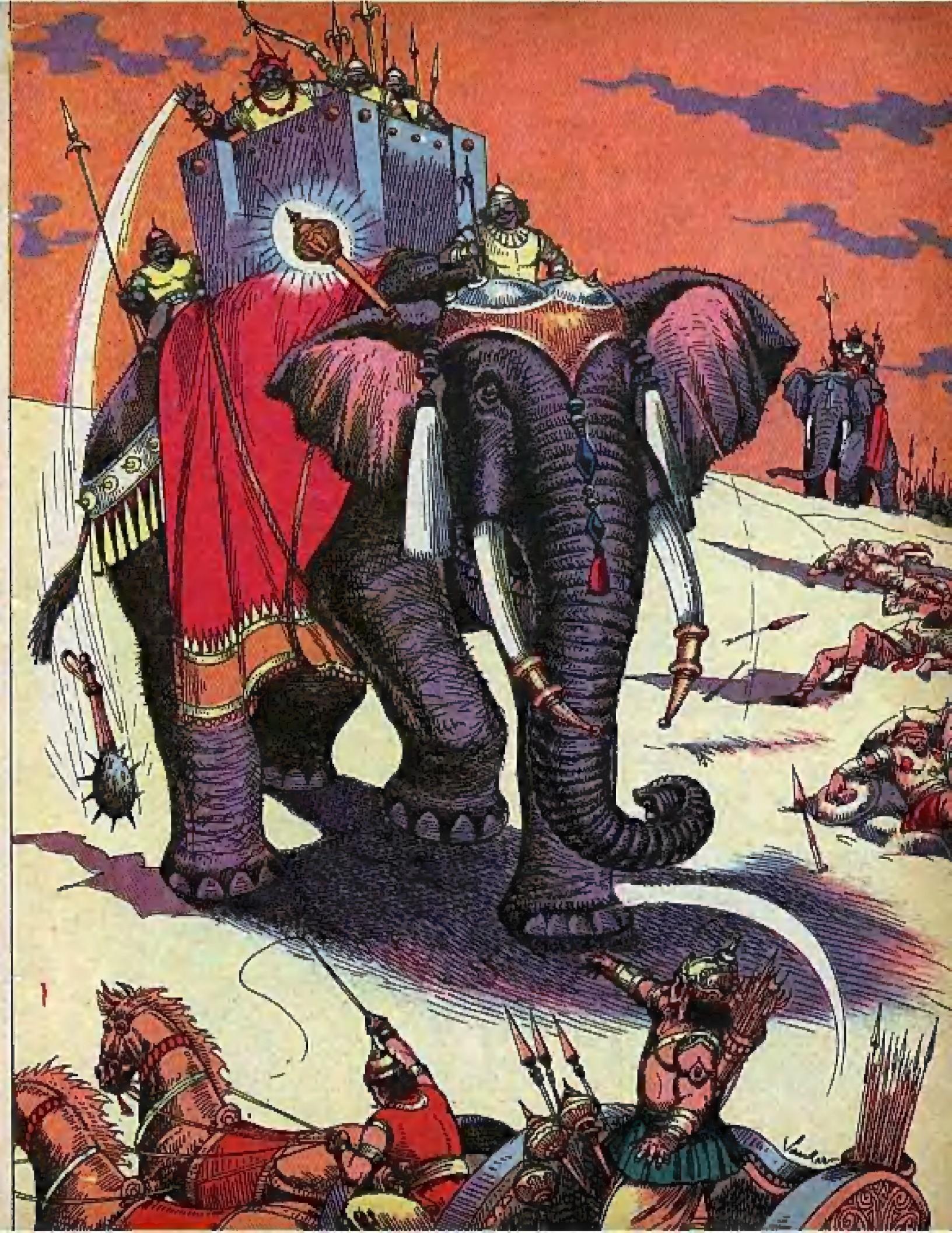
victory for the Pandavas.

On the fourth day, Arjuna and Bhishma were again locked in a titanic struggle. Drona, Kripa, Salya, Vivimsathi and Duryodhana rallying round their commander attacked Arjuna. Abhimanyu ran to his father's aid, and was engaged by Salya. Bhima racing up from another part of the field swung his mighty mace and charged the enemies. Duryodhana pressed his elephant corps into the attack.

Bhima saw the menacing phalanx of the tuskers, and dodging their searching trunks battered them with his mace. The elephants in front unable to face this torment wheeled about in panic and charged into their own ranks. Great confusion arose and the Kauravas ran pell mell to escape the pounding feet of the animals.

The elephant corps was commanded by the king of Magadha. Seated on his royal elephant, he tried to urge his animals into the attack. But Abhimanyu shot an arrow and killed the animal instantly.

Bhima for his part killed Kasena, Jalasandha, Virabhaga, Bhimaratha, Kalochana and a host of others.



Bhishma seeing the total rout of his armies ordered Bagadatta to attack Bhima.

Bagadatta, the son of Narakasura was a famous fighter and he fell on the Pandavas like a thunderbolt.

Abhimanyu with well-directed arrows wounded his war elephant, but Bagadatta struck Bhima down in the dust.

Ghatothkacha, angered at this reverse charged with his elephant, and in the battle that ensued, Bagadatta was clearly on the point of defeat. The Kauravas swept forward to succour the beleagured Bagadatta. Ghatothkacha, outnumbered, resorted to his usual magic tricks and vanished into the air.

Bhishma halted the fighting and explained to Drona. "As long as Ghatothkacha weaves his magic spells, we cannot fight him. It is sundown, and

we should retire prudently."

The Kauravas ran to escape Ghatothkacha, and the Pandavas whose enthusiasm knew no bounds raised glad cries in support of Bhima and his son.

Duryodhana sat in his tent mourning the loss of his kin.

* * *

All this was transmitted by Sanjaya to Dhritharashtra. Then the blind King ranted and raved. "Sanjaya, my heart trembles at the mention of the Pandavas. What will happen now? Will all the Kauravas be destroyed as Vidura prophesied? Is there no way by which the Kauravas can win over the Pandavas? Surely, the Pandavas must have received some boon from the Gods which makes them unbeatable. My sons will be defeated. Oh! What have I done to deserve such harsh punishment?"





A FATHER'S LOVE

There lived in a certain city a farmer named Hari. Though he was well off, he had no heirs and this caused him a lot of sleepless nights. But at last a son was born to him and his cup of happiness overflowed. The baby was named Arvind and grew up with all the love and care the doting parents lavished on him.

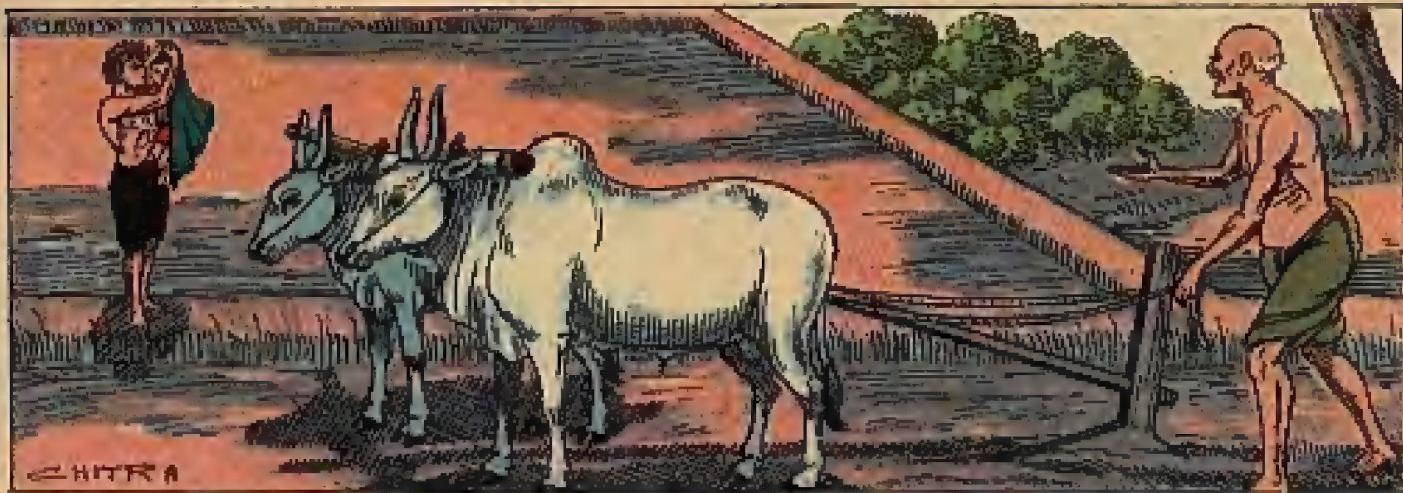
Arvind became a comely youth and soon his parents found him a suitable bride.

In course of time Hari became a proud grandfather, but Arvind was not very happy. He had never done a stroke of work in his life, because his father had not permitted that. Now that his father had grown old, he wanted to help out in the fields. But always Hari found some excuse to prevent his son from working because

he did not want the lad to feel the physical strain of working in the scorching heat of the midday sun.

One day Arvind stood in the path leading to the fields and stopped Hari with the words, "Father, I'll go and work in the fields today. Mother wants you back for some job at home." Hari without further thought handed over the plough and ran home in great haste. Arvind shouldering the plough went off to work in the fields.

Hari went home and realised that his son had played a trick on him. So back he went to the fields where he found his son working with great gusto. He called out to him to stop work as the midday sun was blazing down mercilessly. But all unheeding Arvind worked on and the entreaties of Hari



had no effect on him.

At last Hari thought of something. He went back home and returned with his grandson, a mere toddler. Then he laid the child down on the hard baked ground which was all heated up by the sun's rays. The child cried out in pain, and at once Arvind dropped the plough and ran towards Hari.

"Father, what are you doing? You have laid the child down on the hot earth? How could you do such thing?" Arvind cried out.

Hari picked up the child

which seemed none the worse for its experience, and smilingly replied, "Well, son, I called out to you several times because I didn't want you to tire yourself out in the midday sun. But you paid no heed. But you came running for your child. How could I bear to see my son suffer so?"

Arvind understood how deeply his father loved him, but for his part extracted a promise that he would be allowed to work in the fields now and then, for after all which son wants to remain idle?

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11. S. JAGANNATHAN
12. THE WHITE HOUSE
13. ENGLAND—903, AGAINST AUSTRALIA IN 1938 AT THE OVAL
14. NEW ZEALAND IN 1968
15. DONALD BRADMAN, 29



III Fairy Good Fortune

A certain peasant in a far off village became the father of a bonny boy. Fairy Good Fortune visited him that night and said, "I shall be a Godmother to your son. I cannot give him wealth, but I shall make him a very fortunate lad." Then she gave the child the name of Sundar. The peasant and his wife gladly accepted the blessings of the fairy.

Sundar grew into a handsome young man and Fairy Good Fortune protected him always and guarded him from mishaps. Whatever Sundar attempted bore fruit and everyone thought he was the most fortunate of men.

After some time Sundar began to assist his father in the paddy fields. He had a bumper yield from his fields and lived prosperously. But he was dissatisfied with his lot. One day he said to his father, "Father,

I know I ought to be grateful for the Good Fortune in my life. But how I wish the Good Fairy had given me a lot of wealth."

As he finished speaking Fairy Good Fortune appeared before him and said, "I can only bring you good luck. If you want money you must pray to the Goddess of Wealth. But why should you complain? Everyone says you are the most fortunate of men."

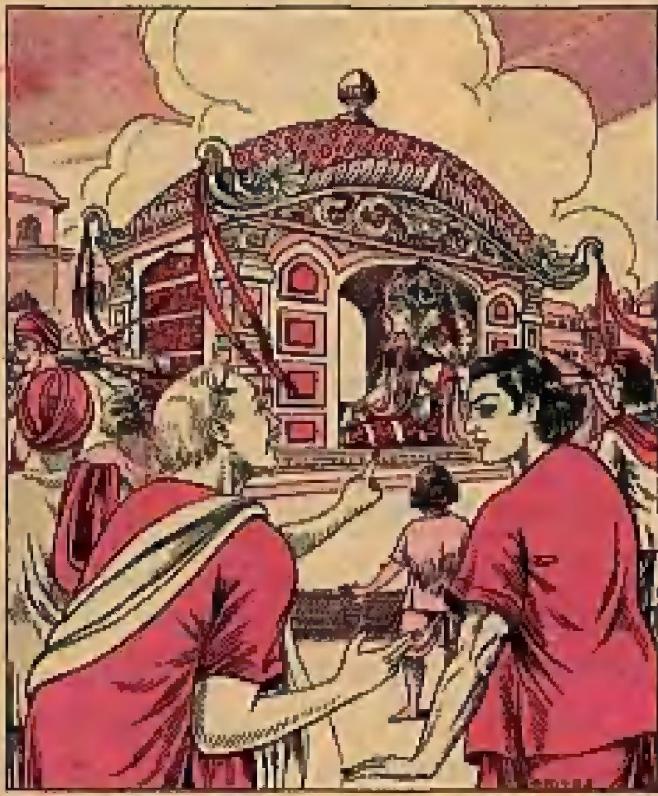
Sundar replied, "Where do you see my good fortune?"

The Fairy remarked, "Why, your fields yield more than all the other ones!"

"Oh! That!" answered Sundar, "I worked hard and that is why my fields are fertile. What is so wonderful about that?"

"Then what do you want?" asked Fairy Good Fortune.

"I want a lot of money. There are many people who hardly do anything. Yet they



are blessed with a lot of wealth. I want to be like them. Who wants to be a goatherd and cowherd all his life?"

Fairy Good Fortune pitied his ignorance and stubborn nature but did not desert him.

One day Sundar went to the big city to sell his rice. As he strolled around, he saw many finely dressed nobles who seemed to enjoy life very much.

He liked the city and everything connected with it. He went frequently to the metropolis and roamed about the streets.

One day he saw the royal princess being borne along in a palanquin. He lost his heart to her and exclaimed rather loudly

that he would part with anything to marry her. A passerby who heard him said with a wry smile, "Friend, many have said the same thing. But her father, the king will marry her off only to a man who can give him a lot of gold. But there is no one in the wide world who can give the king the gold he demands. So the princess remains unwed to this day."

Poor Sundar was heartbroken to hear this. Of what use was it to have luck on his side, if he could not lay his hands on a lot of gold?

As though she had read his thoughts, Fairy Good Fortune appeared before him and said, "Don't worry. If fortune smiles on you everything becomes easy. You can even marry the beautiful princess. Let me show you where there is a lot of gold. You can dig and carry away a lot."

Sundar replied disgustedly, "Do I have to work again to get all that gold? Do but give me three bags full of gold. You can keep the rest."

Just then the Goddess of Wealth stood before him and exclaimed, "Well man, for that you need my help."

Sundar was surprised to see

her and asked who she was. When he heard she was the Goddess of Wealth, he said, "Good. Stay by my side like Fairy Good Fortune."

"That cannot be," replied the Goddess of Wealth. "I'll give you three boons instead. But remember, after the three boons are granted, you'll never see me again."

Sundar was so eager to get his gold that he hardly listened to her. So quickly he said, "Very well, first turn me into a handsome young prince. Second, I must be noble, and thirdly, I must have a lot of gold." The Goddess of Wealth granted him all these boons.

Now the silly fellow had totally forgotten Fiary Good Fortune who felt very hurt at being neglected. So sadly she left him for ever.

Sundar became a handsome young prince and went to the royal court. But what he did

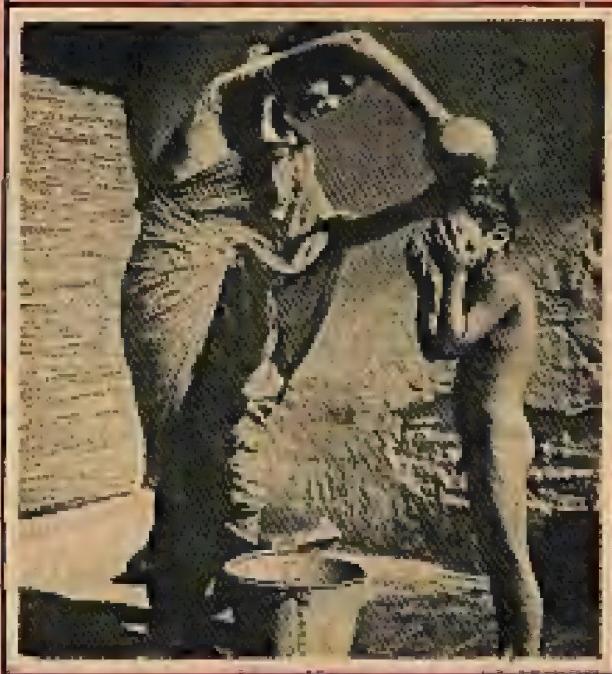
not know was that the princess was secretly in love with Abhayavarma, a neighbouring king's son, but as the latter had little gold, the marriage could not take place.

Sundar gave his gold to the king and claimed the hand of the princess. The delighted king agreed promptly and over the objections of his daughter made preparations for the wedding. On the day of the wedding, Sundar was taken round the city in a flower-decked chariot. But as he was passing under the gates of the city, a huge boulder from the rampart rolled down and crushed his head.

The king retained the gold and married his daughter off to Abhayavarma. Poor Sundar met a cruel fate because fortune had deserted him. He could neither enjoy his wealth nor marry the princess.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



M. Natarajan



M. Natarajan

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 28th February.
- Winning captions will be announced in APRIL issue.
- Write your entry on a post card, give your full name, address, age and post to :

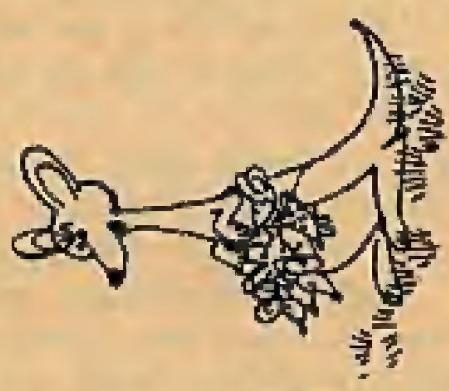
PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in December Issue

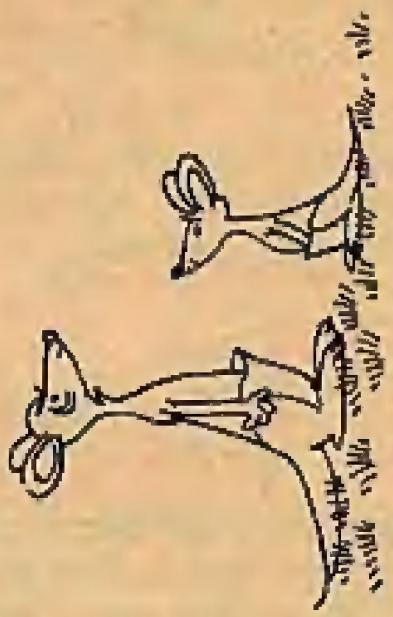
The prize is awarded to
Master Sunil J. Noronha
'Bon View', 620, 21st Main
IV 'T' Block, Jayanagar
BANGALORE-II.

Winning Entry — 'Lousy Hair' — 'Drowsy Pair'

FUN WITH FIDGY



"Isn't it time your little
friends went home?"



"Don't put your hands in your pocket!"



"Why don't you go out to
play instead of watching
television all the time?"



"I found this torch in my pouch.
You've been reading in bed again!"



"May I have a lift please!"

SHARE THEM!

In response to our advertisements in November and December issues, we have received quite a number of entries for the feature. We start it with the following two experiences. Readers are welcome to contribute.

I loved the sea once . . .

I very much wanted to go for a boat ride. When relatives from Poona came to see us, and pay a visit to Bombay, I stole the opportunity and accompanied them on their sightseeing trip.

The boat was waiting near the Gateway of India and I jumped into it to steal a seat near the window. Next to me sat a very pale-looking young man. He was the most melancholic person I have ever seen.

The conductor came to collect the fare. When he issued tickets and returned the change, the pale-looking young man almost grabbed it and counted it very carefully. Then he pulled out a purse from

his pocket and took out a photograph from it. He looked at it for a few seconds, then put it back in its place and started looking at the far sea. He took a quick glance, peeped out of the window, and with a sudden leap jumped into the sea. We were all shocked to see him drowning. Lifebuoys were thrown into the sea to save him, but he did not care much to make use of them. Perhaps he was not willing to live. After a few minutes, all that of him we could see were a pair of floating slippers. I did not enjoy rest of the ride very much and from that time I have cultivated a sort of aversion towards the sea. I still wonder why the man wanted to commit suicide !



. . . but hate it now

Miss Sujatha Byraju

BOMBAY-71

A COMIC TRAGEDY

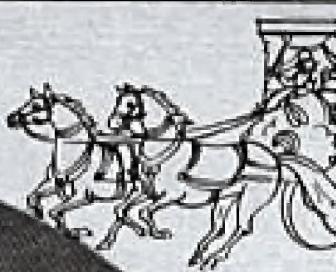
Our School auditorium was full and there was an expectant silence as the curtain slowly rose. We were to stage 'Othello' and I was to play the hero.

As we faced the audience we felt very nervous; our voices were a bit shaky; our hearts beat loud and I felt as if my heart was coming out of my mouth. But the first and second Acts went off well and when the third Act commenced the 'drama' started and things began to happen.

The most nervous of the cast was my friend, who played Cassio. She forgot her part of dialogue and was stuttering. Roderigo, who was supposed to kill Cassio, turned up without his sword and looked at the audience pathetically. Iago by that time came out with the lamp as he was supposed to, took a quick glance at Cassio and Roderigo, then ran swiftly towards Cassio and stabbed him. Cassio who was only too glad to disappear from the laughing and cheering audience sank down thankfully. Then Iago whispered something to Roderigo and stalked off. Roderigo looked about wildly and made a quick and

hurried exit. Cassio, in the meanwhile, hearing the sounds on the stage got up and to his embarrassment realised that the curtain was not down, and he fell clumsily on the ground. At last the girl who was managing the curtain pulled it down realising that there was a mistake. The audience were roaring and many of them had tears streaming down their cheeks. When all was sober, the curtain rose to reveal Othello standing beside Desdemona's bed making ready to strangle her. But all of a sudden, Desdemona, who was supposed to be dead, leapt up with a frightened cry, screaming out that there was a cockroach on the bed. I was bewildered, and acting swiftly killed the cockroach. Immediately Desdemona went back to the land of dead and I followed her. Gratiano, who was present on the scene at that time was having some trouble with his wig which finally fell on Desdemona's head. At a frantic sign from us the bright girl who managed the curtain brought it down while the audience wildly laughed over our tragedy.

—Miss Malathi Seshadri
NEW DELHI-57



We just love to read **CHANDAMAMA**

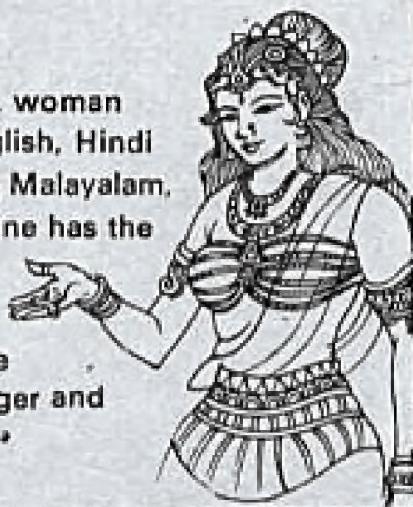
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